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COLLECTION
OF
GERMAN AUTHORS.
VOL. 13.

POEMS BY FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.
IN ONE VOLUME.

102562

P O E M S

FROM THE GERMAN
OF
FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

EDITED
BY
HIS DAUGHTER.

*SECOND COPYRIGHT EDITION,
ENLARGED.*

LEIPZIG 1871
BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ.
LONDON: SAMPSON LOW, SON, AND MARSTON
CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET.
PARIS: C. REINWALD & C^{IE}, 15, RUE DES SAINTS PÈRE &

102562

TO
MY FATHER.



THE volume which before you now you see,
The child of your own brain and phantasy,
Behold it in a garment new of fashion!
In new and yet not unfamiliar tongue
It strives to be the same wild daring song,
The same in pathos, power and passion.

These songs you gave me whilst as yet a child,—
I pondered o'er their scenes of nature wild,
But half their beauty dimly understanding;
It was a book of wondrous lore to me,
What thine own Picture Bible was to Thee,
When as a boy before its glories standing.

"Twas my companion constant where I went;
I o'er its pages musingly have bent,
 Whilst beat the tide upon the beach and shingle;
And as its murmurs broke upon my ear,
The echo of your verse I deemed to hear—
 Your song and Nature softly seemed to mingle.

I've lain in forests, gazing through the trees,
And as the branches swayed them in the breeze,
 I thought upon your Fir-tree's wail of sadness;
And not a mast on bark or ship I see,
But sets me straightway dreaming—this is he
 That grew in sylvan solitude and gladness.

What need had I to visit Eastern shore?
The wings of your imagination bore
 Me onwards, far as fancy could desire;
I saw the proudly flowing Niger roll,
I crushed the desert sand beneath my sole,
 The aloe lined my path 'stead thorn and briar.

I crossed Sahara's desert, hot and dry,
I heard the lion's roar, the vulture's cry,
 I saw slim palms far on the horizon waving!
Across the burning sand we fled with speed
To yonder lake fringed round with giant reed—
 See! how my courser yon his flanks is laving!

Thus, down from Hecla's frozen fields of ice
To India's forests, rich with myrrh and spice,
 I was transported at thy will and pleasure!
What wonder if these scenes should seize my mind,
And rouse the glowing wish to fix and bind
 Them fast in English rhyme and measure?

Far as the German tongue is known and read,
The wide world round, your songs have also sped;
 The log-hut squatter lends them to his neighbour;
And as his sinewy stroke the wood doth clear,
Your strains he murmurs, and doth hold them dear—
 Have you not sung the noble song of Labour?

And when you uttered your indignant verse,
And spake on slavish yoke a fiery curse,
 You had to fly your country and your nation;
On Albion's soil, which you so much revere,
Hoping and toiling, you lived many a year
 Nor e'er aspirëd to a loftier station.

And then, behold ! Your country back did call
Its much loved Poet ! Eager, one and all,
 Yea, Germany, its son claimed back for ever!
With open arms she gladly welcomes home
The banished wanderer; bids you no more roam,
 Vowing to part again with you—ah, never!

Now go, my book ! I shyly send you forth !
Speed on your way, straight from our sombre North,
 To where doth gleam afar the Neckar's water,
Where Suabia's happy plains in plenty smile,
Where corn and vineyard stretch out many a mile,
 Fly forth—and bring Him greeting from his Daughter.

PREFACE
TO
THE FIRST EDITION.

EVER since their first appearance, in 1838, the Poems of my father have attracted, in no small degree, the attention of the public, in this country as well as in America. They have been repeatedly reviewed in almost all the leading magazines and journals of England and the United States, and many of them have been translated, more or less felicitously, by competent hands.

Up to this time, however, no complete version, such as, for instance, that of Schiller's Poems by Lord Lytton, of Heine's Poems by Mr. E. A. Bowring, or of Uhland's Songs and Ballads by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, has been offered to the English reader. The present volume endeavours to partly supply this deficiency. Although not containing the whole of Freiligrath's Poems, yet it embraces his best known and most characteristic pieces, in the happiest renderings which I have been able to find. I will not assert that all these renderings are perfect, and that they convey to the reader's mind a full idea of the glow and colour, or the rich, harmonious diction of the Original. If all poetry lose by translation, certainly

that of my father, owing to its “indefinite charm of expression, its untransferable grace of language and of melody,”* does so more than any other.

It was not an easy task for me to choose, among the great number of translations before me, the one, which appeared to me the most efficient; some of the poems, as for instance “The Lion’s Ride,” “The Emigrants,” “The Revenge of the Flowers” and others, having been translated not only once, but three, six, nay—even more times. However, as I need not remark, the selecting has been a labour of love with me, and in most cases, I trust, my decision has been on the right side.

I have been so happy, moreover, as to find the most kind and ready response to my undertaking on the side of a great many of the translators themselves, and in cases where the copyrights were in other hands, from their respective executors and publishers,—a fact which has not a little increased the pleasure which my task has given me. I have to express my sincerest gratitude: to Mr. and Mrs. Howitt, Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. Alfred Baskerville, Mr. Charles Boner, Mr. Richard Garnett, Mr. Charles T. Brooks, Mr. Bayard Taylor, Mr. B. W. Procter (Father of the late lamented Adelaide Anne Procter), Mr. H. F. Chorley (Brother of the late J. R. Chorley), Mrs. H. R. Mark (for Mr. George E. Shirley), Messrs. Macmillan & Co. (Publishers of “The German Lyrist” by the late Mr. W. Nind) and Messrs. Blackwood and Sons (Publishers of the late Professor Aytoun),—all of whom most courteously granted me freest use of such translations as they were in a position to dispose of. I also mention with deep regret the name of the

* Mr. Justin McCarthy, in a Chapter “on the Poems of Freiligrath” in his excellent volume of essays, “Con Amore”.

late Ernest Jones who, up to within a week of his premature death took the liveliest and friendliest interest in the present publication.

I should have liked to have included some more translations by that gifted and ill-fated Irish poet, James Clarence Mangan, but on second consideration have refrained from doing so. Mangan's versions are sometimes truly excellent, but oftener paraphrases rather than translations, and moreover defaced by arbitrary interpolations of the boldest kind. If the reader will compare, for instance, the first stanza of Mr. Brooks' translation of "The Lion's Ride" with the following rendering of the same stanza by Mangan:

"What I—will thou bind him fast with a chain?
Wilt bind the King of the Cloudy Sands?
Idiot fool I—he has burst from thy hands and bands,
And speeds like Storm through his far domain!
See I—he crouches down in the sedge
By the water's edge,
Making the startled sycamore-boughs to quiver.
Gazelle and Giraffe, I think, will shun that river I—"

he will instantly perceive what I mean. Another instance may be found in his version of the poem, "The White Lady", where he has added to each stanza the burthen of,

"O pray for Lady Agnes!
Pray for the soul of Lady Agnes!"

which I have naturally taken the liberty of suppressing, considering that there is not a trace of it to be found in the Original. Other instances might be pointed out with ease. In his otherwise excellent translation of the "Spectre-Caravan" the three last

stanzas vary so wilfully from the German, that I have found it necessary to substitute, in their place, a more faithful rendering.

As to my own translations included in this volume, two of which, (the only ones printed up to this time), have formerly appeared in the *Athenaeum*, it is not without diffidence that I place them at the side of those of so many eminent interpreters. All I can say in favour of these attempts, is, that I have executed them to the best of my ability, and with the earnest desire to do justice to my father's creations. I submit them to the indulgence of the public.

Forest Hill, Kent,
August 1869.

KATE FREILIGRATH-KROEKER.

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I.

(1826—1840).



ICELAND-MOSS TEA.

OLD even in boyhood, faint and ill,
And sleepless on my couch of woe,
I sip this beverage, which I owe
To Geyser's depth and Hecla's hill,

In fields where ice lies layer on layer,
And lava hardens o'er the whole—
And the Circle of the Arctic Pole
Looks forth on snow-crags ever bare—

Where fierce volcanic fires burn blue
Through many a meteor-lighted night,
'Mid springs that foam in boiling might,
These blandly-bitter lichens grew.

Where, from the mountain's furnace-lair,
From thousand smoke-enveloped cones,
Colossal blocks of red-hot stones
Are night by night uphurled in air—

(Like blood-red Saga-birds of yore)
While o'er the immeasurable snows
A sea of burning resin flows
Bubbling like molten metal ore—

Where from the Jokuls to the strand
The dimmed eye turns from smoke and steam
Only to track some sulphur-stream
That seethes along the blasted land—

Where clouds lie black on cinder-piles,
And all night long the lone Seal moans,
As one by one the mighty stones
Fall echoing down on far-off isles—

Where in a word, hills vomit flame,
And storms for ever lash the sea,
There sprang this bitter moss for me,
Thence this astringent potion came.

Yes, and my heart beats lightlier now,
My blood begins to dance along:
I now feel strong—oh, more than strong !
I feel transformed I know not how !

The Meteor-lights are in my brain—
I see through smoke the Desolate Shore—
The raging Torrent sweeps once more
From Hecla's crater o'er the plain.

Deep in my breast the Boiling Springs
Beneath apparent ice are stirred.—
My thoughts are each a Saga-bird,
With tongues of livid flame for wings!

Ha!—what if this green beverage be
The Chalice of my future Life—
If now, as in yon Isle, the strife
Of Snow and Fire be born in me!

Oh, be it thus! Oh, let me feel
The lava-flood in every vein!
Be mine the will that conquers Pain—
The heart of rock—the nerves of steel!

Oh, let the flames that burn unfed,
Within me wax until they glow,
Volcano-like, through even the snow
That in few years shall strew my head!

And, as the stones that Hecla sees
Flung up to heaven through fiery rain,
Descend like thunderbolts again
Upon the distant Faroëse,

So let the rude but burning rhymes
Cast from the cauldron of my breast
Again fall flashing down, and rest
On human hearts in farthest climes!

THE SAINT-NICHE.

By the path the Saint-Niche stands
With the Mother and the Child.
Pious Maiden-pilgrim hands
Have the shrine and trellis-rands
Crown'd with wreaths of foliage wild.

And a bush of briar-roses
Lightly stirr'd by breezes mild,
Whispering, o'er it fondly closes,
And a crown of thorns composes
Painless for the Holy Child.

See! two little birds that fly,
From the bush by fear exiled,
Bearing flakes of wool on high,
Build a nest secure and dry
With the Mother and the Child.

Stay and flit not, yellow-breasted!
Ever peck the bark and bine!
Safely here the bird is nested,
Where in faith the pilgrims rested,
Worshipping the Babe Divine.

Water'd grew the rose with tears,
All the ground doth sacred lie!
Where high Love her altar rears
There the bird no plunderer fears!
Back, then, from the linden fly!

LIGHTNING ON WHITSUN EVE.

WILL He, in shining flames of fire,
From his celestial citadel
His Spirit send anew to inspire
As it on Christ's disciples fell?
Whence is that swift and dazzling glare
That flits around yon jet black cloud,
Even as a mantle white and fair
The swarthy limbs of Moor doth shroud?

These are the doors of heaven flung back,
This is the glow that through them streams,
This sheeted light the earth doth deck
Like saint-encircling halo-beams.
The vales and mountain-tops to-day
The Spirit's torch of flame doth own ;
O'er the whole world its flash doth play,
As once it touched the Twelve alone!

For on the morn, the Holy Feast
Of outpoured grace we celebrate,
Hence the High consecrating Priest
Earth with his flames doth consecrate.
And as those jets of golden light
O'er all the Heavens are flashing, lo !
So in all Christian hearts, a bright
And holy fire of grace shall glow.

THE AMPHITRITE.

SEEST thou the Amphitrite
At anchor yonder lie?
A festal gleam plays round her,
The crimson streamers fly.

Hauled to the yards are hanging
The sails now laid aside,
The foam-lipped sea-god kisses
The cheeks of his sea-bride.

She's newly reached the haven,
From the far East arrived,
Has braved the tempest's fury
And tropic heats survived.

The Captain by the main-mast
Stands girt with cincture red,
Nor knows what guest he harboured,
As home the good ship sped.

'Tis May the young, the blooming,
Who calls the South his home,
That in the stately vessel
O'er the blue wave has come.

On India's strand reclining,
'Neath Banyan shades he lay,
And saw the ship weigh anchor,
Prepared to sail away.

Upon the sand up sprang he,
His sandal-strings to tie,
To gather up his raiment,
Soft shawls of richest dye.

Then toward the sea he darted,
Leaped headlong in the tide,
Nor rests he till he's grasping
The rope at the ship's side.

With nimble step and daring,
Unseen by all the crew,
He swung on board the vessel,
Straightway the land-wind blew.

As soon as in the haven
The brig had safely come,
Bedecked with gayest colours
At once to land he swum.

The storks with flight prophetic
Are floating on before ;
A juggler, a magician
He steps upon our shore.

He clothes the trees with verdure,
Bare plots with flowers he fills,
Bids hyacinths to blossom,
Gay tulips, daffodils.

The earth in marvellous splendour
He decks; bright hues appear,
Thanks, bold Lascar! and welcome,
Lithe swimmer, welcome here!

Seest thou the Amphitrite
At anchor yonder lie?
A festal gleam plays round her,
The crimson streamers fly.

THE EMIGRANTS.

I CANNOT take my eyes away
From you, ye busy, bustling band,
Your little all to see you lay
Each in the waiting boatman's hand.

Ye men, that from your necks set down
Your heavy baskets on the earth,
Of bread, from German corn baked brown,
By German wives, on German hearth.—

And you, with braided tresses neat,
Black Forest maidens, slim and brown,
How careful, on the sloop's green seat,
You set your pails and pitchers down.

Ah! oft have home's cool shady tanks
Those pails and pitchers filled for you;
By far Missouri's silent banks
Shall these the scenes of home renew,—

The stone-rimmed fount, in village street,
Where oft ye stooped to chat and draw,—
The hearth, and each familiar seat,—
The pictured tiles your childhood saw.

Soon, in the far and wooded West
Shall log-house walls therewith be graced;
Soon, many a tired, tawny guest
Shall sweet refreshment from them taste.

From them shall drink the Cherokee,
Faint with the hot and dusty chase;
No more from German vintage, ye
Shall bear them home, in leaf-crowned grace.

Oh say, why seek ye other lands?
The Neckar's vale hath wine and corn;
Full of dark firs the Schwarzwald stands;
In Spessart rings the Alp-herd's horn.

Ah, in strange forests you will yearn
For the green mountains of your home,—
To Deutschland's yellow wheat-fields turn,—
In spirit o'er her vine-hills roam.

How will the form of days grown pale
In golden dreams float softly by,
Like some old legendary tale,
Before fond memory's moistened eye!

The boatman calls,—go hence in peace!
God bless you, wife and child, and sire!
Bless all your fields with rich increase,
And crown each faithful heart's desire!

TO A SKATING NEGRO.

MAN of giant height and form,
Who, beside the Gambia river,
Oft amid the lightning-storm
Saw'st the glittering fetish quiver!

Who hast poured the Panther's hot
Lifeblood out beneath the Equator,
And with poisoned arrow shot
Through red reeds the Alligator!

Wherefore art thou here? Why flies
Thy fleet foot o'er frozen places—
Thou, the child of tropic skies,
Cradled in the sun's embraces?

Thou that, reeking from the wave,
On thy war-horse often sprungest,
And around the Foulah slave
Guinea's badge of bondage flungest?

Oh, at home, amid thy mates
There, where skulls tatooed and gory
Whiten high o'er palace-gates,
Let me see thee in thy glory!

Where gold gum from bursten trees
Oozes, like the slime of Lethe,
As in dreams my spirit sees,
Let mine eyes in day-light see thee!

See thee, far from our chill North,
Which thou in thy soul abhorrest,
Chase the brute rhinoceros forth
Through the boundless Banyan-forest!

See thee in thine own rich land,
Decked with gems of barbarous beauty,
Keeping watch, with spear in hand
O'er strange piles of southern booty.

Whirling, gliding here along,
Ever shifting thy position,
Thou resemblest in this throng
Some strange African magician,

Who, within the enchanted Ring,
All the hosts of Hell defieth,
Or, upborne on Griffin-wing,
Through Zahara's desert fieth!

Oh ! When sunny Spring once more
Melts the ice of western oceans,
Hie thee back to yonder shore
Where were born thy first emotions.

There around thy jet-black head
Bright gold dust in garlands flashes—
Here hoar frost and snows instead
Strew it but with silver ashes !

SEA FABLE.

HIGH and dry upon the sea-shore
Lies the helpless fishing-smack,
From the mast the net is hanging,
Dripping still, all wet and black.

Yon bare-footed boy is trying
All its meshes o'er with care ;
Fishes in the sun are drying
On the wooden framework there.

Parched, the arid plain is gazing
On the sea, a Tantalus;
Like a mighty silver Crescent
Flashes great Oceanus.

Every billow gray and salty
As upon the beach it broke,
As if greeting with its crested
Head, it nodded, and then spoke:

“On the beach I love to murmur,
Love to lick the firm hard sand,
Coloured shells and starfish gladly
Do I fling upon the strand.

“Much I love to see the wild gorse
Straggling grow about the plain;
Here do I forget how gloomy
Is without, the boundless Main,

“Which the stormy tempest lashes,
Where the Norsemen fishing go,
Where the Arctic and the German
Oceans both together flow.

“Neither buoy nor blazing beacon
Watch upon the sea there keep,
And the Kraken rises nightly
From his caverns in the deep.

“Stiff with scales, a rigid island,
See him steer along the shore;
Terrified the skiffs seek safety,
And the fisher grasps his oar.

“A huge plain doth he resemble;—
Combat-ready lies he now,
And his back with warts is covered
As with hillocks—high and low.

“Calmly floats he—on a sudden
With a hissing fierce and dread
Darts on him the great Sea-serpent,
Moss is growing on its head.

“When the two are struggling, when their
Gory crests do wave, I ween
Ne'er more wondrous and more fearful
Sight on ocean yet was seen.

“Lonely, horrible and gloomy
Is the distant, dreary Main;—
Much I love to see the wild gorse
Straggling grow about the plain.”

THE GREEK GIRL AT THE FAIR.

OH, let me, maid from Zante's Isle!
A moment on thy trinkets ponder !
Around the German's brow, awhile
Let strange Levantine odours wander.

Thy phials well imprisoned hold
Rare scents from Eastern spring and nature;
By thee on Baltic shores are sold
Natolia's balms, and Persian attar;

Sweet rosewood's fleeting unctuous dew,
Rich grains of incense, that Azar bore,—
From Bagdad, camels brought them to
The Golden Horn's thick-masted harbour.

In marts beyond the Adrian sea
From Southern wanderers thou hast bought them;
From Stamboul and Gallipoli
For sale to Northern lands hast brought them.

Thy moving show-room glittering lies,
Beshone with rays from crystal glasses;
Gay as the pea-cock's changeful eyes,
Thy counter glows with painted cases.

And thou behind them goest thy way—
Good fortune speed thy wanderings ever!
Slim as the shy gazelles that stray
By Taurus on Karasa's river.

Blue-turbaned, tressed with raven hair,
Thy placid forehead thought attires;
See'st thou in fancy the bazaar
Of Smyrna, and its white-veiled buyers?

Dream on! Of other scenes and days,
And travels long, and distant places!
What would I? ask'st thou?—only praise
Thy smile, and watch thy native graces!

BEFORE A PICTURE.

(Of which the fresh colours reflected the face of the poet.)

THESE waves are the waves of the Indian Sea,
Those islands the Seychelle Isles;
The tempest which drives through the murky sky
Billow on billow piles.
The ship is left a surrendered wreck,
Stray planks only see Madagascar;
The shivering sailor seeks the boat
With the slender and tawny Lascar !

The lightning flashes in snaky darts,
Fierce rain on the water dances;
And a gloomy face, in a veil of mist,
Meets from the cloud my glances!
Fixed on my own, I can see the eyes
Across the wild waters gleaming,
Like a pair of quivering lighthouse-fires
Through tempest and fog far-streaming !

It seems some malignant Spirit's head;
The Spirit who tempest scatters,
Who tears the mast from the struggling ship,
And rives her proud flag to tatters.
With the rolling clouds for his steaming car,
He rides on the storm, while his minions,
The howling brood of the tropic winds,
Spread over the deep their pinions !

That head is my own! See from yonder clouds
My giant-like shadow is frowning;
Proud frigates are crushed with a single breath,
In vain shriek the seamen drowning.
What can a worm's poor feeble cry
Avail with that demon-form?
My billows over their sinking heads!
I am the King of the Storm !

SAND SONGS.

I.

I SING not of the desert-sand
Where savage herds in contest meet;
I mean the grains that on the strand
Are crumbling now beneath my feet.

For that is but a breathing curse,
The Desert's restless wandering ghost,
Beneath whose death-shroud man and horse,
Camel and driver, all are lost.

Cool and fresh the sea-sand lies,
Furrowed and wet with ocean's brine;
A ready table, whither flies
The sea-mew's brood on fish to dine.

II.

Inward from ocean blows the breeze,
The sands are tossed, the sea-weeds roll:
On fickle changing sands like these
Wild floating thoughts must fill the soul;

Flying before the wind and flood,
The whirling sands each other chase:
So flies and strays my restless mood,
And holds to no abiding place.

III.

What a mysterious region this is!
I understand its changes not—
One moment dashing ships to pieces,
The next a peaceful anchoring spot;

The wearied raven it revives,
And parches up the sea-worm's tongue;
The gasping fish of life deprives,
And feeds the sea-mew's hungry young.

Men too there are would turn away
From such a shore with wearied air,
While I could linger all the day
Building ships and bridges there!

IV.

A barren, thinly grass-grown steep
Behind shuts in my landward view:
No matter—gazing on the deep,
My thoughts and glances back are few.

I only know here rolls the sea,
Tossing its foam-sparks all around,
And hill and wood and plain for me
Are all in yonder ocean drowned!

This strip of sand, so small and brown,
Seems now the only earthly thing:
I wander lonely up and down
Like an uncrowned and banished king.

I scarce can comprehend it now
That once through inland woods I strode,
Or lay upon the mountain's brow,
Or over plains of heather rode.

All rest in ocean: there as well
Repose my hopes, my longing years:
As on the shore the surges swell,
Thus swell upon my lids the tears!

v.

Am I not like a flood whose spring
From the far mountain forest gushes,
Through lands and hamlets wandering,
At last to meet the ocean rushes?

O that I were! In manhood's day
Greeting the noble roar of seas,
While in eternal youth still play
Life's springs among the sacred trees!

VI.

High above me float
Three sea-mews, dull and slow—
I need not lift my eyes,
I know the way they go!

For on the glowing sands
That in the sunshine lie,
With far outstretching wings
Their darkening shadows fly:

A single feather falls
Downward in the flight,
That I of the ocean-sands
And the flying birds may write!

“WERE I NEAR MECCA’S SACRED WALL.”

Were I near Mecca’s sacred wall,
Were I on Yemen’s glowing sand,
Could Sinai I my birthplace call,
A sword should glitter in this hand!

Then with my flying steeds would I
Through Jethro’s flaming province rush;
And with my herds encamping lie
By that which was the burning bush.

Before my tent, at sunset’s beam,
My tribe around me, old and young,
The inner fire of song should stream
In burning verses from my tongue.

Enchanted on my every tone
Should hang a people and a land;
As with the ring of Solomon
I’d rule a wizard in the sand.

My listening groups the Nomad race,
To whose wild soul the Desert speaks,
Who bury in the sand their face
When the Simoom its vengeance wreaks;

Who never quit their horses' back
Save at the desert spring alone,
Who ride, nor once the galop slack,
From Aden on to Lebanon.

Who, with their herds, when night appears,
Upon the plain unsleeping lie,
And read, like the Chaldean seers,
The golden legends of the sky;

Who oft hear murmurs still escape,
Where thunders once from Sinai broke;
Oft see the Desert Spirit's shape
Still moving in a cloud of smoke;

Oft still through rocky chinks discern
The flames around his awful brow!—
Ha! men, beneath whose foreheads burn
Such throbbing brains as mine are now!

Land of the tent and of the dart!
Rough, fearless children of the plain!—
Bedouin, thyself, on courser, art
A poem of wild fantastic strain!

I wander on a Northern strand—
The North is crafty, cold and slow;
I would I sang in desert sands
Leaning upon my saddle-bow!

SEA-FOG.

THE mist is sinking darkly on the land,
And dark I stride along the inlet strand
Over a champaign winterly and dead:
See, on the polished surface of the flood
Rests the descending sun as red as blood:—
So on the charger lay the Baptist's head!

That head is all I see in front of me;
Or else, fog only, and a hand-broad sea!
I stand apart and hidden from the crowd.
No eye may penetrate the veil around;
It is as if the Lord from earthly ground
Had snatched me in a dark-enfolding cloud!

—A cloud impregnate with the storm! and strong
I seem to hear the menace of my song
Like thunder roll within it. E'en as came
The lightning downward from the murky air,
So my thought flashing thro' the vapour there
Makes itself visible in outward flame!

Oh, let it revel thro' the gauzy grey!
Mark for the glowing no prescriptive way!
'Tis lightning! Let it flash and thunder loud!
The mist is sinking darkly on the land;
And I will sit upon this down of sand,
And utter forth my voices from the cloud!

R O L A N D.

(A Reverie.)

"TWAS in the wood; through silent glades we go
Where hides herself the faint and stricken doe,
Where quivering thro' the leaves shoot gleams of day,
Where horn and axe in answering echoes play.

Deep silence reigns; only the turtle-dove
Coos overhead her murmuring plaints of love,
The spring but bubbles, and the ancient trees
Scarce rustle, wrapt in dreamy reveries.

The beech makes moan, the ash is gently stirred,
Far off the clanging of a forge is heard,
My staff's harsh grate as 'gainst a stone it rung,
This is the mountain-forest's native tongue.

I heard its voice with throb akin to weeping,
Into my greenwood-joy sweet pain came creeping,
Rock, forest, solitude, these all unite
To touch my inmost soul with magic might.

I thought of yonder pass where Roland fell;
Would God, that such a fate were mine as well!
A life of wrestling, flight of Saracen,
And the Death-Signal in the rocky glen!

The battle roars; I boldly take my stand,
Long time my sword has glittered in my hand;
Early and late, by foes I'm sore beset,
My horn, my poesy, is slumbering yet.

It rests and slumbers calmly at my side,
It rests and dreams, whilst I myself do fight;
Only at times, a wild and broken note,
To cheer the fray, bursts fitful from its throat.

What are my songs, in sooth, but signals all
To aid my courage and to cheer my soul?
Wild savage chords, rude sounds, which when at rest,
Harshly escape from out my labouring breast.

What other theme should warriors' souls delight?
Grasp firm your sword an you would win the fight,
Your rage and anger breathe into your arms,
And let your bugle rest from War's alarms.

Triumphant lays the conqueror can afford;—
Wake you the iron clash of sword on sword!
Signals?—So be 't!—A challenge short and shrill
Then boldly utter over dale and hill.

But only then a full triumphant blast,
When the proud Saracen is slain at last,
When you have hurled your mighty enemy
All armed in mail, upon the ground to die.

Within a pass like this and Ronceval
Dead at your feet the giant then shall fall,
But you yourself are wounded to the death,
Then sound your bugle with your dying breath.

And while your life's blood ebbing fast you feel,
To Charlemagne send forth a last appeal,
One piercing cry—the revelation true
Of all you wished and strove and dared to do !

Which in quick breathless gasps shall all reveal
What, in the strife, your pride forbade to unseal,
One last confession, one last menace bold,
The signature of your whole Life—behold !

Hark, what a sound ! The mountains ring again ;
Upon your neck starts purple every vein ;
Far off, each comrade hears your cry of need,
Tremblingly hears it, quickly turns his steed.

The Emperor comes, the Paladins in haste,
Alas ! Your blood wells forth in fearful waste ;
Encircling you in silence they stand round,
Your eye is glazed—your bugle gives no sound.

Then hollow murmurs through the valley spread :
—“*Life's Battle*; yea, it is a giant dread !
Honour to him who nobly waged the fight,
Bury him thus, his bugle in his right !”—

Ha ! Such a fate !—Sighing the ash is stirred,
Far off the clangor of a forge is heard,
Black thunderclouds rush by in angry mass,
And dark and darker glooms the mountain-pass.

THE MOORISH PRINCE.

I.

HIS host through the valley of palm-trees wound,
O'er his tresses the crimson shawl he bound;
He hung o'er his shoulders the lion's skin,
Warlike resounded the cymbals' din.

Like emmets in thousands surged the wild swarm;
He flung round his maiden his coal-black arm,
Encircled with gold, decked with gems of the East:
"Adorn thyself, Maid, for the victory's feast !

"Here, pearls of great price I bring thee to wear !
Come weave them, love, in thy curly black hair !
Where Persia's wave lashed the coral rocks,
They were snatched by the diver with dripping locks.

"See, plumes of the ostrich ! They'll lend thee new grace,
The nodding white plumes as they greet thy dark face !
Adorn the gay tent: prepare the good cheer !
Fill up the crowned goblet, victory's near!"

The princely Moor, armed and arrayed for the fight,
Steps forth from his tent of glimmering white;
Thus forth from behind the fleecy white cloud,
The moon, in eclipse, peers forth from her shroud.

The shouts of his host then greet him around,
Then greets him his steed as he paws the ground.
For him flows the faithful negroes' blood,
For him too the Niger's mysterious flood.

"Lead us on to the field ! Lead us on to the fight!"
They fought from the morn till late in the night.
The blast of the elephant's hollow fang
Incited the fighters with piercing clang.

The lion, the serpent affrighted fled
At the roll of the drum hung with skulls of the dead;
Aloft waves the banner, death's herald and guide;
The gold of the desert with crimson is dyed.

Thus rages the fight in the vale of the palm,
But at home she prepares the meal in the calm;
The juice of the palm in the goblet shines,
Round the cords of the tent bright garlands she twines.

Great pearls, such as Persia's billows bear,
She weaves in her glossy raven hair,
Adorning her brow with the plumage's charms,
With shells of bright hue her neck and arms.

Before the tent seated she listens, forlorn,
To the distant trump of the warrior's horn.
The mid-day is scorching, the sunbeam is hot,
The garlands are fading, she heedeth it not.

The sun is descending, the even is nigh,
The night-dews arise and the glow-worms fly.
From out the warm stream peers the crocodile,
In the balm of the coolness to revel awhile.

The lion, astir, roars loudly for prey,
The elephant breaks through the thicket his way,
On his couch the giraffe sinks down in repose,
Bright eyes and sweet flowers, with evening, close.

Her bosom swelleth with anxious fear;
A bleeding fugitive Moor draws near:
"Oh, lost is all hope! Oh, lost is the fight!
Thy Lover is taken and sold to the White!"

"To the sea they have borne him, in chains was he bound!"
She tears her hair wildly, she falls to the ground,
She crushes the pearls with a trembling hand,
Her glowing cheek presses the burning sand.

II.

To the fair they are thronging, in streams they advance,
Within the smooth circle, the steeds how they prance!
The trumpets they flourish, the cymbals sound,
The hollow drum rolls, the harlequins bound.

On! on! what a noise! what a deafening din!
The riders advance, with a bound they dash in!
On the Arab's black barb, on the Briton's bright bay;
The women voluptuous graces display.

At the veiled entrance gate of the circus there stood,
A raven locked Moor in sorrowful mood;
The kettle-drum rolls 'neath his vigorous blows,
On the drum doth the skin of a lion repose.

He sees not the grace of the rider's deed,
He sees not the leap of the daring steed,
The motionless, tearless eye of the chief
On the hide of a lion reposeth with grief.

He thinks of the far, of the far distant Niger,
And that he had hunted the lion, the tiger;
And that he had wielded his sword in the fight,
And that to his tent he returned not at night;

That for him she had gathered sweet flowers so fair,
And that she had woven bright pearls in her hair—
In his eye gleamed a tear, with the echo of thunder
The parchment he struck, and rent it asunder.

A TALE OF THE SWALLOWS.

ON the still and sweltering pool
Whirls the water-spider lean,
Down below on crystal stool
Sits enthroned the young Frog-Queen.

Round her head a sparkling wreath,
Wrought of richest ore, is bound,
Voices of the frogs beneath
Peal like silver bells around.

For 'tis Spring; no ice flake's there,
Trembling peep the bursting blooms,
Hoarse spring-thunder fills the air,
Black with squalls and sudden glooms.

O'er the pool's dark mirror creeping
Cups of water-lilies spring,
And the earliest swallows sweeping
O'er it flit with rapid wing.

Twitterings soft from bills so slender
'Neath the waves sound cheerily,
"Many a greeting we've to tender
From our travels, Queen, to thee.

"Long o'er foreign lands we hovered,
Lands where burning sand-plains glow,
Where with flowing caftans covered,
Turban-wearers loiter slow.

"Wondrous plants, with purple glancing,
Served as mile-stones where we went,
Yellow Moors we saw there dancing
Bare before their linen tent.

"On his heated saddle, panting,
Sat the Arab, light of limb,
Whilst his wife, kind service granting
Dates and goats' milk handed him.

"Swift in Chase of Antelopes,
Warrior-like with dart and spear,
Wandered forth slim Ethiopes
Memnon's statue plaining near.

"We have sipped the Nile-stream, meeting
Faint and weary on our way.
Queen of Frogs, we bring thee greeting
From the monarch old and grey.

“All things, leaves and flowers, render
Greetings due; but from the Nile
Heartiest greetings we must tender
From thy cousin Crocodile.”

THE AWAKENER IN THE DESERT.

BESIDE the Nile, 'mid desert sands,
A royal-looking lion stands,
As yellow as the sand he treads,
Or the Simoom that round him spreads.

A royal mantle's shaggy train
Waves round his breast, his ample mane;
A royal crown of passing show,
His stiff hair, bristles on his brow.

He lifts his head and roars amain;
So wild and hollow is the strain,
It booms along the desert sand
And shakes the flood on Moeris' strand.

Stiffens the panther's roseate hide,
The fleet gazelle flies terrified;
Camel and crocodile ashore
List to the Monarch's angry roar.

Its echoes from the Nile rebound,
The Pyramids fling back the sound,
The royal mummy, brown and weary,
It wakes from out his slumbers dreary.

He rises in his narrow shrine,
"Thanks, Lion, for that roar of thine!
Thousands of years in sleep I've passed,
Awoke by thy loud roar at last.

"Long time I've dreamed away, Ah me!
Years fringed with splendour, where are ye?
When victory's banners round me flew,
Lion, thy sires my chariot drew.

"High on a golden car I rolled,
Its pole was bright with burnished gold,
And spokes and wheels with pearls did shine;
The town of hundred gates was mine.

"This foot-sole too, now dry and spare,
Trod on the black Moor's matted hair,
On Indian's yellow brow was placed,
On necks of children of the waste.

"And this right hand once swayed the world,
Now with stiff byssus close enfurled;
What yonder hieroglyphics tell
This bosom bore and knew full well.

“The tomb that now enshrines me here,
With my own hand I helped to rear;
I sat upon a spear-girt throne,
My steward made the brickfields groan.

“My subject, the broad-bosomed Nile,
Rocked me on rapid keel awhile;
Long have I lain in deep repose,
The Nile-stream yet as ever flows.

“While I its Lord—” he said no more,
Ceased had the Desert Wakener’s roar,
And sank again the monarch’s head
Down in the silence of the Dead.

THE FLOWERS' REVENGE.

WRAPT in deep repose, the maiden
On the bed's soft couch is lying,
Gently droops her silken eye-lash,
Crimson her hot cheek is dyeing.

Glittering on the chair of rushes
Stands a vase of rich adorning,
Flowers are gathered in its chalice,
Fresh and fragrant but this morning.

Stifling, sultry heat has settled,
Brooding, o'er the silent room,
Closed are lattices and windows,
—Twilight darkens into gloom.—

Quiet now, and deepest silence!
Sudden, hark! a soft low rustling!
Boughs and flowers gently whisper,
Lisping low with eager bustling.

From the flowers, lo! are rising
Fairy forms so light and slender;
Thinnest mist their floating garments,
Shields and crowns they bear in splendour.

From the Rose's blushing chalice
Steps a woman tall and fair,
Pearls are glistening like dew-drops
In her loose and fluttering hair.

From the Monk-hood's iron helmet,
From its foliage darkly beaming,
Strides a Knight of fearless courage,
Sword and armour brightly gleaming.

O'er his helmet waves the plumage
Of the heron, silverpale;
From the Lily floats a maiden,
Thinnest gossamer her veil.

From the spotted Tiger-Lily
Issues forth an Arab bold,
On his turban green is blazing
Fierce the Crescent's arch of gold.

Boldly from the Crown Imperial
Steps a sceptre-bearer royal;
From the azure Iris follow
Sword-girt all his hunters loyal.

From the leaves of the Narcissus
Gloomy-eyed a youth doth slip,
Pressing hot and burning kisses
On the maiden's cheek and lip.

But around her couch the others
Wildly dance and wheel again,
Round in mazy circles flying,
Singing angrily this strain:

"From the earth, hast thou, oh maiden,
Torn us with a cruel hand,
That we now must fade and languish
In a gaudy flower-stand.

"Oh, how happy were we, resting
On the breast of Mother Earth,
Where, through tender foliage glancing,
Sunbeams kissed us oft in mirth;

"Where soft summer-breezes fanned us,
Bending low our stems so airy,
Where at night, our leafy dwellings
We did quit, as elf or fairy.

"Heavenly rain and dew refreshed us,
Here we droop in stagnant water—
Lo! we fade, but 'ere we perish,
Maiden! we'll avenge our slaughter!"

Finished is their song, as bending
O'er the sleeper they bow lowly.
With the old and sultry silence
Comes again that whispering slowly.

What a rushing, what a murmuring,
How the maiden's cheek doth glow,
How the spirits breathe upon her,
How the perfumes faintly flow!

Now the sun salutes her chamber,
Scaring every phantom shade;
On the couch is calmly sleeping,
Cold and dead, the loveliest maid.

Tinged her cheek with faintest crimson,
She herself a faded flower,
Rests beside her faded sisters,
Murdered by their fragrant power.

THE BANDIT'S BURIAL.

ON blood-stained bier reposing
A corpse lies cold and pale,
Six men, sore burdened, bear it
Adown the forest-dale;
Six, with wild swarthy faces,
All armed with steel and lead,
Bearing the bier in silence,
The gloomy pine-vale tread.

The bier—'tis but two muskets
With barrels long and round,
Three naked swords laid cross-wise—
'Twas all the bier he found.
On swords he rests, the swordsman,
Who once dealt many a blow,
His head, defaced and gory
Hangs backwards drooping low.

Upon his pale left temple
The wound gapes wide and red,
Where in a fatal moment
The death-fraught bullet sped;
The blood and brains are trickling
In gory drops below,
Dried by the mountain-breezes
They clot on neck and brow.

His eye is dim and blood-shot,
His cheek's dark hue is gone,
His lips knit close together
Are wreathed in bitter scorn.
The right hand that in battle
The sword with might could wield,
Still grasps, with gripe tenacious
The blade it will not yield.

Its death-flash smote the Sbirri;
Its hold he'd ne'er relax,
It drags with smothered clatter
Through moss and stony tracks;
The blood runs trickling down it,
Like thick red tears it creeps;
The falchion, one might fancy
Thus for the dead man weeps.

His left hand, closed and stiffened,
Still grasps the sash he wore,
As if, in his last death-throes,
Clutched fast ere all was o'er.
The strings are waving loosely
That once his hacked vest laced,
A dagger sharply pointed
Swings idly from his waist.

So lies the pallid out-law,
He once so wild and brave,
And so the bearers bear him
To his lone Apennine grave;
So rests he on the sword-blades
In the forest's deepest vault;—
Remote from road or pathway
The leader cries out, “Halt!”

They set the bier down rattling,
That now must be a spade,
And then his comrades dig him
A grave deep in the glade.
His form no coffin cumbers,
Unhampered, free from harms,
His bed, the earth, he welcomes
Arrayed in blood and arms.

The solemn rite is over,
The grave lies bare and black;
In gloomy silence pacing
The little band turns back.
They look well to their weapons,
They load—there echoes shrill
A whistle! In the fir trees
Each plunges! All is still!

THE JOINER'S APPRENTICES.

First.

'Tis a shuddering work; 'tis a work of dread;
Between the boards shall be laid the dead.

Second.

How now, thou weak heart! Wherefore sigh?
Why over strange folks' children cry?

First.

Nay! Do not so quickly grow angry, I pray,
I ne'er made a coffin, in truth, till to-day.

Second.

Be it first time or last time, now pledge me in wine;
Then to work; and let not faint heart be thine.

First cut up the boards as the length may decide,
Then plane the curling-up shavings aside.

Next, the varnish-perfumèd coffin within,
Lay the down-fallen shavings so white and thin;

For on shavings must slumber the perishing clay:
With all undertakers 'tis ever the way.

Then carry the coffin to th' house of grief;
Corpse within, lid screwed down, and the work is brief.

First.

I cut the boards, and with accurate ell
Above and below, I have measured it well.

I plane the rough boards so smooth; but yet
My arm is weak, and my eye is wet.

I mortise the boards above and below;
Yet my heart is full, and my heart is woe.

'Tis a shuddering work, and a work of dread;
For between the boards must be laid the dead.

BARBAROSSA'S FIRST AWAKENING.

STEEPED in the crimson sun-light
Reposed the Golden Plain,
As if the yellow corn-fields
Were bathed in blood-red rain;
Full darkly loomed Kyffhäuser
Through fog which slowly broke,
When first the spell-bound Kayser
From his long sleep awoke.

A look of royal anger
On his vassals round he threw:
"I slept in deepest slumber,
Who dared such deed to do?
Who, braving all my fury,
From sleep has dragged me so,
And called in hollow accents—
'Woe, Hohenstaufen, woe!'

“Who caused that sudden clashing
Of steel on steel to rise?
Who held the gaudy banners
Before my startled eyes?
Who has my dreams distracted
With fleeting forms of air,
And blood-red ensigns floating
On a wide market-square?

“There I beheld a monarch—
High on a throne he sate;
He glared upon a scaffold
With eyes of wrath and hate.
The black-draped scaffold towered
Midst crowding heads and spears,
And on its height were standing
Two youths of tender years.

“Beside them on the scaffold,
Boding a deed of blood,
A grisly grim attendant,
The Headsman, waiting stood.
He stood in cap of scarlet
And in a scarlet frock;
He leaned upon his weapon,
Before him was the block!

“Sudden the shrilly clarions
Rang out with murderous glee;
Hear you the King’s commandment?
His signal do you see?
One captive flung his gauntlet
Among the crowd below,
Who murmured like the ocean
When the hoarse storm-winds blow!

“His head that first pale victim
Lays firm upon the oak;
See, from his slender body
’Tis severed with a stroke!
Far spouts the blood’s red fountain,
The King gives sign anew
And ghastly smiles, as quickly,
The Second’s head falls too!

“Lo! Where the heads are rolling
On mine own shattered shield—
Who has this fearful vision,
To scare my sleep, revealed?
Who, braving all my fury,
From slumber dragged me so,
And called in hollow accents
‘Woe, Hohenstaufen, woe!’”

The dwarfs, all pale and trembling
 Bow down before the king—
“We know not who, oh monarch,
 Would dare do such a thing—”
That very time at Naples
 The young Conradi stood
With Frederic of Suabia
 On a scaffold dripping blood!

’Twas then the bearded monarch
 Upstarted from his place;
Saw dimly in Kyffhäuser
 The end of his own race;
He growled in angry wonder,
 And bent again his head,
A century had nearly
 Of his long slumber fled.

ON THE SEA.

“ALONE on the tranquil sea I ride,
On its surface is scarcely a ripple or frown,
On the sands, far beneath me, in stately pride
Beams the old o'erwhelmēd town.

“In hoary times a King did expel,
As the legends say, his Child fair and good,
Then far o'er the mountains she went to dwell
With seven small dwarfs in a wood.

“And when, through her wicked stepmother, she
Had died from some baneful poison's might,
She was laid by the tiny community
In a crystal coffin of light.

“And thus she lay in her snow-white dress,
Adorned by flowers fragrant and fair,
Thus lay she in all her loveliness,
And could ever be seen by them there.

“So too, oh Julin, in thy coffin of glass
As a corpse dost thou lie, decked in glorious array,
The flowing waves, as transparent they pass,
Thy palaces’ lustre display.

“Uptower thy Spires gloomy and tall,
And their mourning in sadness and silence declare,
The archèd gateway breaks through the wall,
The church-windows gorgeously flare.

“But in all this magnificence solemn and still
Not a human footstep, no mirth, no song,
Thro’ the streets, o’er the market, the fish at their will
Slowly drift by in uncouth throng.

“Full into the windows and into the doors
They stupidly stare with glazed dull eye,
And there the inhabitants sleepy and dumb
In their houses of stone, descry.

“But I will descend, and I will restore
With th’ inspiring power of my living breath,
The sunken splendour and might of yore,
I will break the enchantment of death.

“Once more let life with its bustle and trade
Fill the market’s space, and the pillared hall;
Now open your eyes, oh each fair maid,
And bless the long dream ye all.

“Down, downwards!”—he stops, nor further rows,
His hands and limbs sink rigidly down,
O'er his head the waters silently close,
And at length he salutes the town.

He lives where the pearl and the amber glow,
He lives in the houses forgotten long;—
The splendour and glory of Eld below,
On the surface a fishersong!

NAPOLEON IN BIVOUAC.

A WATCH-FIRE on a sandy waste—
Two trenches—arms in stack—
A pyramid of bayonets—
Napoleon's bivouac!

Yonder the stately grenadiers
Of Kleber's vanguard see!
The general to inspect them sits—
Close by the blaze sits he.

Upon his weary knee the chart,
There, by the glowing heap,
Softly the mighty Bonaparte
Sinks, like a child to sleep.

And, stretched on cloak and cannon,
His soldiers, too, sleep well,
And, leaning on his musket, nods
The very sentinel.

Sleep on, ye weary warriors, sleep!
Sleep out your last hard fight!
Mute, shadowy sentinels shall keep
Watch round your trench to-night.

Let Murad's horsemen dash along!
Let man and steed come on!
To guard your line stalks many a strong
And stalwart Champion.

A Mede stands guard, who with you rode
When you from Thebes marched back,
Who after King Cambyses strode,
Hard in his chariot's track.

A stately Macedonian
Stands sentry by your line,
Who saw on Ammon's plain the crown
Of Alexander shine.

And, lo! another spectre!
Old Nile has known him well;
An Admiral of Cæsar's fleet,
Who under Cæsar fell.

The graves of earth's old lords, who sleep
Beneath the desert-sands,
Send forth their dead, his guard to keep,
Who now the world commands.

They stir, they wake, their places take
Around the midnight flame;
The sand and mould I see them shake
From many a mail-clad frame.

I see the ancient armour gleam
With wild and lurid light;
Old, bloody purple mantles stream
Out on the winds of night.

They float and flap around a brow
By boiling passion stirred;
The hero, as in anger, now,
Deep-breathing, grasps his sword.

He dreams;—a hundred realms, in dream,
Erect him each a throne;
High on a car, with golden beam,
He sits as Ammon's son.

With thousand throats, to welcome him
The glowing Orient cries,
While at his feet the fire grows dim,
Gives one faint flash—and dies.

THE DEATH OF THE LEADER.

“FROM the sails the fog is dripping,
O'er the bay the mist doth fly ;
Light the lantern at the mast-head,
Dull the water—dull the sky ;
Funeral weather! Heads uncover!
Wives and children, young and old,
Come and pray, for in the cabin
You a dead man shall behold.”

And the German peasants follow
Their New-England Captain's tread ;
In the lowly cabin entering
With a sad and drooping head.
They, who for a home, a new one,
Crossed the ocean vast and grey,
In his shroud they see the old man
Who has led them till to-day.

Who, from boards of fir and pinewood,
 Built a hut that floated free
From the Neckar to the Rhinestream,
 From the Rhine down to the sea.
Who, whitehaired and heavy-hearted,
 Sadly left his fathers' land,
Saying: "Let us rise and wander
 Let us make a covenant;—

"Let us all break up towards Evening,
 Westward doth our Dawn flush bright;
Over yonder let us settle,
 There where Freedom holds her right;
There we'll sow our sweat in furrows
 Where 'tis not an idle seed,
There we'll till the soil, where each one
 That has ploughed, shall earn his meed.

"Let us carry, each his homestead,
 Far into the forests dark,
Let me be in the Savannahs,
 Let me be your Patriarch!
Let us live, as lived the shepherds
 In the Bible's olden lay,
And our journey's fiery pillar
 Be the light that burns for aye.

“On this light I place reliance,
It will never guide us wrong,
In my grandsons, I view proudly
Future generations strong;
True!—I once had hoped my country
Would receive my weary dust,
For my children’s sake I grasp yet
Scrip and staff with hopeful trust.

“Up then! And from Goshen follow
Yon bright pioneering star!”—
Ah, he viewed, a second Moses,
Canaan only from afar!
He has died upon the ocean,
Both he and his wishes cease,
Disappointment or Fulfilment
Cannot now disturb his peace.

Orphaned now the band, about to
Sink their leader in the deep;
Awed the little children hide them,
Silently their mothers weep;
And the men with anxious bosom
Gaze upon the distant shore
Where this pious one—ah never!
At their side shall wander more.

“From the sails the mist is dripping,
Fog hangs heavy o'er the wave,
Pray ye!—Let the ropes be slackened,
Give him to his watery grave.”
Tears are shedding, billows foaming,
Sea-gulls fit with angry cry,
He who tilled the earth his lifelong
In the sea doth calmly lie.

THE WATER GUEUX.

A CORPSE the German Ocean
Has cast upon the land;
A fisherman hath seen it,
And hastens to the strand.

From out the scarf he presses
The blood and brine so red,
He opes the dead man's armour,
Lifts the beaver off his head;

The beaver gay with crescent,
With feathers soiled and creased;
Sand cleaves around th' inscription:
"Much rather Turk than Priest!"

Why bearest thou on shore him
To lose his armour's clasp?
No longer sword and rudder
This warrior's hand shall grasp;

For when the Spaniards' bulwark
He clutched with sinewy fist,
In grappling, with a hatchet
They smote it from the wrist.

Down fell he plunging backwards;—
The sea with sullen roar
Received him, and yet bleeding
Has cast him here ashore.

The brave and knightly body
Floated to Zealand's strand;
On Friesland's coast a maiden
Doth find the mangled hand.

An anchor black and dripping
With ocean's humid air,
A rough and rusty tide-mark,
Is standing upright there.

As, leaning on the anchor,
A glistening sail to see,
Or gayly fluttering pennon,
—Image of Hope is she!—

Lo! What comes on the breakers?—
A hand as if to greet!
The cold and stiffened fingers
Have touched her very feet.

Upon one finger glistens
A stone as red as blood,
And on it are engraven
A falcon and lion good.

No longer shall the falcon
His pinions spread on high,
This hand it is the lion's
Who at her feet did lie;

Whose brow she will no longer
Entwine with garlands green;—
Already twilight darkens,
Her face cannot be seen.

I cannot see if dimly
She sheds a scalding tear,
But I can see her tremblingly
Lift up the hand with fear,

Within her white veil hiding
The relic stained with gore,
And homewards faintly gliding,
—Image of Hope no more!—

THE GUEUX WATCH NIGHT.

AT the tapster's by the river,
Just out of Rotterdam;
In buff and feathered beaver,
They're hard at flask and dram;
The troop are bound for Flushing,
And start ere day shall break;
With singing and with lushing
'Tis best to keep awake.

The Maes will bear; unruffled
Snow shines on creek and shore:—
Well in his mantle muffled,
The sentry guards the door.
To stand the sleety breeze in,
No trooper loves, perdy;
“The devil take this freezing,
Your ‘upsee-frieze’ for me!”

To warm the watch, they now are
Loud chorusing inside;
"Brave William the Nassauer
Am I, a German tried.
As Prince of Orange, truly
My birth-right free I gain;
And still have honoured duly
The while, the King of Spain."

Against the window stooping,
He peeps within the house;
There's song, and toast, and whooping;
There's talking of the cause,
For which they're armed and herded,
And sworn to die at need:
The sturdy warriors bearded,
Harangue, and feud, and plead.

Around the room paraded,
The bulky barrels shine;
By buxom wenches aided,
The hostess serves the wine.
For cap, a garnish warlike
Of gilded foil is worn:
'Tis thus the Holland fair like
Their temples to adorn.

From board to board the labour
The busy household plies.
The troopers sit, the sabre
Between their booted thighs.
And if the plume with powder
Embrowned, their beavers wear,
They cock them but the prouder
Above their yellow hair.

And gay they swing the beaver;
The wine springs foaming high;—
“The Gueux, the Gueux for ever!”
Full thirty voices cry.
And when the flask grows dry-lipped,
And emptied is the cup,
With rim adroitly fillipped
They turn the glasses up.

That makes a famous ringing!
Each glass becomes a bell
To toll, amidst their singing
The King's and Alva's knell.
Thereat each trooper seizes
Unconsciously his sword,
And still the song increases,
Till thus afar 'tis heard:

“Up! up, ye seventeen provinces!
Up, nations, to your feet!
Our first of worthy princes
With hearty welcome greet.
Let each, like gallant freemen,
Beside his banner stand,
And help to start the demon,
Black Alva, from the land.

“He brings you no oppression;
He comes to right your wrong,
And help you to possession
Of what you've lost too long.
Each king of Spain's adherent
Give succour to his choice;
For Orange, his lieutenant,
For William, raise your voice!

“Enlist! His drums and trumpets
Proclaim no treacheries!”
“They stick to the board like limpets!”—
The sergeant grumbling cries.
“To horse! 'tis time we're making
At once for Count Lumé;
And were the dawn not breaking,
The snow would light our way!”

They cease to bang the tables;
—“Hark! calls the sentinel?”—
Their chargers from the stables
Led out, they spring to selle,
Fast through the frosty morning
Trot o'er the ringing ground;
From Rotte's sluices turning
For Scheldt the troop is bound.

THE ALEXANDRINE.

SPRING out, my desert horse, from Alexandria!
My wild one—Such a steed was never tamed by Shah
Or Emir upon Eastern plain,
Or any else who mount into a princely seat—
Where thunders thro' the sand, a hoof like thine so fleet?
Where flashes such a tail or mane?

Thy angry snort is—Ha! even as it thus is writ;
Thou standest spurning dust, and reckless of the bit,
The breezes in thy forelocks dance.
Thine eyeballs sparkle fire, thy panting haunches smoke—
Thou art not such a horse as that which Boileau broke,
And tutored with the wit of France!

He plods submissive on, the leading reins his guide,
Cæsura only is a ditch on the wayside,
For this old sleek and sober horse;
Rash fire for him he knows to be no fitting thing,
He sniffs and paws awhile, then clears with easy spring,
And decently jogs on his course.

To thee, my fiery horse, it is a rocky chasm
Of Sinai—the reins are burst with eager spasm—
Rush on—there yawns the cleft asunder!
Blood from thy fetlock starts—a snort, a fearful spring—
'Tis cleared—from out the rock, thy hoofs of iron wring
The flash of flint, the echo's thunder!

And downwards now again! Dash through the glowing sand,
Rush on unheeding, reined by my unfailing hand,
I'll guide thee safe and gloriously;
Heed not thy sweat, for when the stars of evening blink,
I'll lead thee slow, and thou shalt lave thy thirst and drink
Luxuriant from the mighty sea!

THE SCHEIK OF SINAI
in
1830.

“LIFT me without the tent, I say,—
Me and my ottoman,—
I'll see the messenger myself!
It is the caravan
From Africa thou sayest,
And they bring us news of war?
Draw me without the tent, and quick!
As at the desert-well
The freshness of the bubbling stream
Delights the tired gazelle,
So pant I for the voice of him
That cometh from afar!”

The Scheik was lifted from his tent,
And thus outspake the Moor:—
“I saw, old chief, the Tricolor
On Algiers' topmost tower—
Upon its battlements the silks
Of Lyons flutter free.

Each morning, in the market-place,
The muster-drum is beat,
And to the war-hymn of Marseilles
The squadrons pace the street.
The armament from Toulon sailed:
The Franks have crossed the sea.

“Towards the south the columns marched
Beneath a cloudless sky:
Their weapons glittered in the blaze
Of the sun of Barbary;
And with the dusty desert-sand
Their horses’ manes were white.
The wild marauding tribes dispersed
In terror of their lives;
They fled unto the mountains
With their children and their wives,
And urged the clumsy dromedary
Up the Atlas’ height.

“The Moors have ta’en their vantage-ground,
The volleys thunder fast—
The dark defile is blazing
Like a heated oven-blast.
The lion hears the strange turmoil,
And leaves his mangled prey—

No place was that for him to feed—
And thick and loud the cries,
Feu! Allah!—Allah! En avant!
In mingled discord rise:
The Franks have reached the summit,
They have won the victory!

“With bristling steel, upon the top
The victors take their stand;
Beneath their feet, with all its towns,
They see the promised land—
From Tunis, even unto Fez,
From Atlas to the seas.
The cavaliers alight to gaze;
And gaze full well they may,
Where countless minarets stand up
So solemnly and grey,
Amidst the dark-green masses
Of the flowering myrtle-trees.

“The almond blossoms in the vale,
The aloe from the rock
Throws out its long and prickly leaves,
Nor dreads the tempest’s shock:
A blessed land, I ween, is that,
Though luckless is its Bey.

'There lies the sea—beyond lies France!
Her banners in the air
Float proudly and triumphantly—
A salvo! come, prepare!'
And loud and long the mountains rang
With that glad artillery."

"'Tis they!" exclaimed the aged Scheik.
"I've battled by their side—
I fought beneath the pyramids!
That day of deathless pride—
Red as thy turban, Moor, that eve,
Was every creek in Nile!
But tell me—" and he griped his hand,
"Their Sultan? Stranger, say—
His form, his face—his gesture, man—
Thou saw'st him in the fray?
His eye—What wore he?" But the Moor
Sought in his vest awhile.

"Their Sultan, Scheik, remains at home
Within his palace-walls;
He sends a Pasha in his stead
To brave the bolts and balls.
He was not there. An Aga burst
For him through Atlas' hold.

Yet I can show thee somewhat too;
A Frankish Cavalier
Told me his effigy was stamped
Upon this medal here—
He gave it me with others
For an Arab steed I sold."

The old man took the golden coin;
Gazed steadfastly awhile,
If that could be the Sultan
Whom from the banks of Nile
He guided o'er the desert-path?—
Then sighed, and thus spake he—
"Tis not *his* eye—'tis not *his* brow—
Another face is there;
I never saw this man before—
His head is like a pear!
Take back the medal, Moor—'tis not
That which I thought to see."

TO THE SEA.

OH sea, didst thou not give the hue of fire,
 The holy purple, sign of royal blood,
Unto the merchant men of ancient Tyre?
 Oh gloomy sea, lay not in thy dark flood
The deep red dye that on the mantle glow'd
Which round the heroic form of Cyrus flow'd?

Oh purple, the dark sea-god's coloured child,
 Did'st thou not flow round Alexander's throne
Amid the Indians and Scythians wild?
 A maze of wonders in thy bosom lone
Thou hast—is not the pearl thy child, oh sea?
And did not Aphrodite spring from thee?

Yes, thou art rich; I see thy very deep;—
 As to the old Sidonians their rich hue
Thou gav'st, in which their woolen robes to steep;
 So hast thou bared thy bosom to my view,
And shown me all thy splendours down below,
That with their lustre all thy songs may glow.

The treasures old, that in thy bosom rest—
Rich cargoes, shining through thy waters blue,
And heaps of gold in many a sunken chest;
And dragons breathing blood-red flames I view;
With sceptre-holding claws, in scales of scarlet dress'd,
They watch beside the wealth, that lies within thy breast.

The serpent too, that in the meridian line,
Spans half the world (no eye hath seen but mine),
Licks, with seven tongues, the North-pole, icy cold,
While on his back the tropic noon-day shines,
All burning thro' the water; his tail twines
Round the South-pole, with many a scaly fold;—

The cities which thy waves have whelmed beneath—
(The mermen at their gates with burning eyes,
Stand keeping watch, and shew their gleaming teeth,)
Sea-polypuses too, with hairy plies;
And yon Leviathan, which shall, so people say
Swallow the moon, when from the sky she falls one day;—

And Neptune's grave, which at the sea-god's death,
(When on him called no seaman's struggling breath,
But when to holy ones the people turned—
To Fishermen by Lake Gennesareth;—
Another faith old Neptune's worship spurned—
Set hecatombs for him, no more the *Æthiop* burned;—)

His grave, in which old Greeks and Romans drown'd,
And all the heroes whom the blood-stained Sound
Of Salamis had whelmed, their sea-god laid,
And for a monument, instead of stones,
A burial mound of their own mouldering bones,
—A ghastly pile!—for the dead Neptune made;—

The flask that holds the wondrous magic ring,
Beneath thy waves, of Solomon the King,
And phials too, and jars of earthenware,
That hold in spirits terrible to view,
Demons, that if let loose, with sudden glare,
Would wrap in flames thy billows, red and blue;—

All these, thy wonders, thou to me hast shown,
Oh sea, that I may make thy marvels known,
And tell of all thy splendours ere I die;—
Thou giv'st me colours for my poetry,
I dip my hand into the purple sea,
To paint my song as evening paints the sky.

See how it sparkles! how 'tis purple red,
Now like the striped flag at the vessel's head
From China, that by Surabaya sails;
And now 'tis like the fish that in the bay
Of Biscay turns his colours to the day,
Leaps in the light, and suns his golden scales!—

ANNO DOMINI ?

HEAR ye of little faith ! As in the Marne's field
By Chalons, long ago, the guilty lost Brunhild
Was bound by menial hands, with her own long grey hair,
Unto a furious horse, that with his shaggy tail
Throughout the Frankish camp her body he should trail,
By Chilperic's son's commands, the second named Clothaire;

The horse sprang snorting out; his hinder hoofs flung back
The victim's trailing limbs: her joints were heard to crack;
Her blanching locks across her writhing visage rolled:
Her queenly blood the flints and rocky splinters drank;
A shuddering horror thrilled thro' e'en the fiercest Frank,
The vengeance of Clothaire, the ruthless, to behold!

Now on her face, with blood and livid sweat-drops damp,
Flickered the watchfire's glare that burned throughout the camp;
Now washed with icyplash her features' dusty stains
An arm of Marne's Stream; her eyes start from her head;
The camel whereon she through the whole host was led
At morning, now is spattered with her blood and brains!

Thus—hear me, all ye cold, ye cunning, and ye tame!
Thus shall the Lord one day, send down a horse of flame,
That through the Abyss of Space shall reckless spring its way;
A comet shall he send, alight with wildest fire,
And unto this shall chain, with the hands of his just ire,
The earth, that sinner hoar, in crimes grown old and grey!

Then from the track it rolled on slavish from its birth
This courser's furious strength shall tear away the earth;
A satellite it follows—far through space he strains;
He proudly snorts, and sparks from out his throat are hurled;
And proudly floats his tail, for lo! he drags a world!
Creation's Lord himself has deigned to loose the reins!

What hand can hold him in? The sun withdraws his rays:
So far at last away, no longer mortal gaze
Can see them; now the air is gloomy, dark and chilled—;
Only at moments rare when the wild courser nears
The regions of remote, unnamed and burning spheres,
Then, as the camp-fires lit the visage of Brunhild—

So on the shrinking face of dying earth is shed
A flickering ghastly glare; in garments of blood-red
The heavens stand arrayed, the seas all seething roll:
Mad with the heat the steed shoots on with fiercer dash;
Night follows soon anew the momentary flash;
The earth grows black again like an extinguished coal!

It trembles now with cold; when ages past have run,
It feels again thy glow of life, thou mildest Sun,
Thou, once its parent orb; at that first beam from thee,
It throbs with joy—then melts its ice, its rivers course
Like gladsome tears, but now again the fiery horse
Speeds on its way—again begins her agony!

Then will the vials of thy wrath be fully poured!
Now at a sign from thee, the planet burns, oh Lord!
It blazes like a wick by airy currents fanned,—
Consumed in its own light—Creation sees astounded
The ruin of a world! Then are the trumpets sounded;
The balance, poised on high, hangs in the Ruler's hand.

A fiery girdle then shall flash from pole to pole;
Mountains with hiss and groan, shall into ocean roll;
Foam, ashes, fire and smoke e'en to the Moon shall rise;
And—stay! I then will rouse, look upward from my tomb,
And have I then the power, will this wild song resume—
I tremble—with my hand I cover brow and eyes!

HENRY.

A DREAR and empty room; the evening sun's last ray
Through the dim windows, pale and sickly breaks its way!
Thro' faded panes it faintly glances.
A camp-bed and a chair, a table too—and see
A coffin yonder—nay! quake not, but follow me!
Let us behold two countenances.

A maiden's image here admiringly behold!
What eyes! What sweetness! Oh, what locks of waving gold!
Lips whereon love doth seem to tremble!
An azure girdle clasps her slim waist daintily;
Should ever I be loved, I pray to God, that she
This maiden's portrait may resemble!

Now turn to yonder bier; from shroud so white and dim
A youth's face lies upturned; his features stiff and grim
Scowl forth, with pain and sorrow wasted;
With deep and deadly grief his silent lips are drawn,
But that the tempest fierce within should ne'er be known,
To seal these lips in death he hastened!

Turn back the winding-sheet:—dost see the dagger shine
Bloodstained within his hand? Let not faint heart be thine!
—His heart doth sheathe this poniard chilly!—
Once more cast on this face, so joyous-fair, thine eye,
Then, on this agonized!—Now come!—But ask not why
This last sad face doth rest so stilly!

IN THE FOREST.

THROUGH the forest's twilight dim
Pensively I go,
Not a human voice is heard,
Trees but whisper low.

Oh, how full my heart then feels,
And my mind how free,
Legends from my childhood days
Once more visit me.

An enchanted forest this,
And what here is found,
Rock and flower, tree and beast,
All is magic-bound.

Yonder adder, coiled and rolled,
Who with pensive air
Basks on autumn leaves of gold,
Is a princess fair.

In yon gloomy lake, where oft
Stags their ankles lave,
Is her royal palace hid
Deep beneath the wave.

And the monarch and his queen,
Knight and cavalier,
With their servants all are held
Fast enchanted here,

While the falcon, soaring high
Over wood and dell,
Is the sorcerer whose hand
Weaves the magic spell.

Oh, if I but knew the word
That would break the charm,
Soon delivered she should lie
Clasped within my arm!

With her dazzling crown, set free
From the snake's disguise,
Thanks upon her tongue, and love
Bashful in her eyes.

From the lake would quaintly rise
Then her palace old,
To the shore would gayly throng
Gallant knights and bold.

And the aged king and queen
—Kindly, pleasant sight!—
'Neath a canopy's silk sheen
Both would sit; the foliage green
Trembling with delight:

And the falcon, now upborne
By the clouds high o'er me,
Weak and vanquished then should writhe
In the dust before me.

Sylvan joy, and sylvan rest,
Fairy dreams of pleasure,
How ye gently soothe my breast,
Tempting rhyme and measure!

THE DEAD IN THE SEA.

DEEP, deep beneath green ocean's wave,
On shelly bank and sand,
There slumbers many a sailor brave
Who gayly pushed from land.

The surges dashed his vessel frail
Upon the rocky ground;
Amid the storm, what though so hale,
An early death he found.

Deep, deep beneath the billows blue,
On sand and shelly bank,
There slumbers many another, who
Not 'mid the tempest sank.

He in a narrow cabin died,
Ne'er to his home restored,
His body to a plank they tied,
And cast him overboard.

The ocean is a mighty grave,
Its breast a burial-ground;
And every little swelling wave
Is but a graveyard mound.

Were but the billows backward rolled,
We, down in ocean's bed,
Long rows of sleepers might behold,
The polypus their limbs enfold,
White bones entwined with red.

Might see their mossy pillow's wreath,
Which sand and sea-weed spin;
And how with pearly gleaming teeth
'Mid finny shoals they grin.

Might see the saw-fish polishing
Their bleached and bony arms;
And the rare gifts which mermaids bring
To deck them with new charms.

While one anoints, another braids
Their long neglected tress;
To paint their face with blooming shades
The purple-fish they press.

The one a lay of sadness chants,
One comes with pearl and shell,
'Mid wondrous ornaments and plants
The lifeless bodies dwell.

Might see on wrist and finger glow
The golden amber's clasp;
The naked skulls, as white as snow,
Gleam in the coral's grasp.

And pearly eyes of spotless hue
Beam in their bony zones,
And teeming ocean's reptile crew
Suck greedily their bones.

Each stately mast we there might trace
Which once o'er ocean sped,
Now writhing in the rock's embrace,
And stretching o'er the dead.

That sleeper, gnawed by fish and worm
Fast rooted in his bed,
Dreams that his village tower's form
Now beetles o'er his head.

Yes, deep beneath the green sea-wave,
Where pearls and corals shine,
Sleeps many a sailor bold and brave,
Engulphed by ocean's brine.

He slumbers far from home and all,
O'er him no flowers bloom,
No friend, no comrade letteth fall
A tear upon his tomb.

He sleeps in peace, though o'er his grave
 No rosemary is seen,
Nor roses o'er his pillow wave,
 Nor weeping-willow green.

What matters it? What though are shed
 No tears upon their grave?
It troubles not the ocean's dead,
 They're watered by the wave.

THE FIR-TREE.

I.

ON the mountain's highest summit
Straight and green the fir doth grow,
Stretching forth its roots and fibres
Through the creviced rocks below.

Towards the highest cloud-banks soaring
Do its topmost branches sweep,
As if them, of birdlike swiftness,
They would grasp and firmly keep.

For the clouds, a hundred-shapen,
Streaming, tattered, rent in twain,
Are the fir-tree's needle-cushions,
Vast grey masses, big with rain.

Far within its gnarled fibres,
Damp and brown with clinging earth,
Live the dwarfs of tiny stature,
Madcaps they in pranks and mirth.

Without ladders, without buckets
They the mountain's depth explore;
In those wondrous mines, the metals
Melt they into precious ore.

Tangled do its roots hang downward
To the hollow vaults below,
There beholding diamonds glitter,
And the gold's rich yellow glow.

But on high, its shady branches
Love to see a scene more fair,
See the sun through foliage glancing,
Watch the Spirit's stir and care,

Who, with clever dwarfs, his helpmates,
In this lonely mountain-range
Everything doth keep in order,
All doth govern and arrange;

Often too, at change of solstice,
After nightfall rushes by,
Round his loins a shaggy deerskin,
In his fist a pine-tree high.—

Catching every note that's uttered
By each songster's tender beak,
Not a word the fir-tree looseth
What the babbling brook doth speak;

Doth behold the forest-creatures'
Household, in calm happiness,—
Oh, what peace, what ample riches
In this shady wilderness!

Man is distant;—nought but red-deer's
Tracks upon the mossy ground;—
Ah! well may'st thou, all exulting,
Scatter far thy cones around!

Ah! well may'st thou sprinkle fragrant
Drops of amber resin bright,
And adorn thy stiff and dark-green
Hair, with dew in the morning's light!

Ah! well may'st thou whisper softly,
Aye, or roar defiance free;
On the lonely mountain waving,
Green and strong the stormwind braving,
Fir-tree! could I change with thee!

II.

From out the frigate tapering
The tall mast lightly rears,
With sail and shroud and pennon;
'Tis bent with weight of years.

The foaming wave it addresses
With loud and angry wail:
"What use to me this garment
Of white and flowing sail?

"What use to me this rigging,
These flags that sport in the wind?
A secret yearning draws me
To the forest left behind!

"In early youth they felled me
And brought me to the strand,
To navigate the ocean
And see each foreign land.

"I've sailed the main, beholding
Sea-kings upon their throne,
Both fair and dark-haired nations
I saw in every zone.

"Rock-nourished moss in Iceland
Far northwards I did greet,
With palms in Southern Islands
I have held converse sweet.

"But evermore I'm longing
For yon mountain grown with pine,
Where in the dwarfs' dominions
My hairy roots did twine!

“Oh Glades, so brightly flowered,
 Oh Greenwood, glad and free,
Oh Life, so still and dreamy,
 How far, how far are ye!”

MOUNT NEBO.

UPON the banks of Jordan,
The host of Israel's name,
All Jacob's seed encamp'd,
Who out of Egypt came.
There lay the tribes, wide-spreading—
There rest the pilgrims found,
Weary, with long years treading
The sandy desert round.

There from their hands the wand'lers
Their staffs have laid aside,
And spread them woolen blankets,
Their girdles loosening wide!
And on their robes reclining
In picturesque array,
The brown and swarthy travellers,
With beards dark-curling, lay.

Their tent-staves there were pitch'd,
Their linen veils outspread,
And in the midst was rais'd
The Tabernacle's head.
Between them and the sun-beams
Green foliage shadow flings,
They filled their leathern bottles
At fresh cool water-springs.

With oil their bodies laving,
They washed away the sand;
The driver there was stroking
The camel with his hand;
And in the pastures round them
The quiet cattle lay;
Wild horses stared and bounded
With flowing manes away.

The weary joined in praises,
With hands upraised to heaven,
That now to all their travels
The longed-for end was given.
But some were busy whetting
Their swords with eager hand,
To combat for the pastures
Of their rich green fatherland.

It seemed for them awaiting—
A land of endless store,
Like God's own garden smiling
On Jordan's other shore.
Thro' many a desert-journey
In spirit they had seen
That land of milk and honey,
Now lying there so green!

They shouted in the valley
“Canaan!” with joyous tone—
Their Leader up the pathway
Of the mountain toiled alone.
His snow-white locks were flowing
About his shoulders spread,
And golden beams were glowing
Upon his reverend head.

To see the promised country,
Before he died, intent,
Rapt in the glorious vision
He, trembling, forwards bent.
There glittered all the pastures
With thousand charms outspread—
The land he sees with longing,
The land he ne'er must tread!

The plains, far out extending,
All rich with corn and vines,
And many a white stream, wending
Thro' rich green meadows, shines.
With milk and honey flowing
As far as eye can span,
All in the sunshine glowing
From Beersheba to Dan.

“Canaan! Mine eyes have seen thee!
Let death undreaded come!
In gentle whispers breathing,
Lord! call thy servant home!”—
On light soft clouds descending
Upon the mountain’s brow
He came;—the pilgrim people
Have lost their leader now!

Upon the mountain brightening
‘Tis glorious there to die!
When all the clouds are whitening
In the radiant morning sky;
Far down below beholding
Wood, field and winding stream—
And lo! above unfolding
Heaven’s golden portals gleam.

THE PICTURE BIBLE.

FRIEND of the days of childhood,
Brown folio, often scanned
When opened out before me
By fond affection's hand;
Thou, whose pictorial treasures
Were wont mine eyes to feast,
The boy, of play regardless,
Transporting to the East.

"Twas thine to unbar the portals
Of that far distant zone,
A small clear glass, reflecting
The glories there that shone.
Thanks! for through thee my glances
On a strange world were bent,
Saw desert, palms, and camels,
Herdsman and herdsman's tent.

Thou broughtest nearer to me
Sages and chiefs of old,
Of whom the seers inspired
In the Book of books have told.
The maidens fair and bride-like,
Such as their words portray,
Within thy pictured pages
I saw them clear as day.

The Patriarchs and their customs,
The simple life they led,
How angels hovered round them
At every step they tread;
Their journeys and herd-waterings
How often have I scanned,
Could I in quiet musing
Before thy pages stand.

Meseems as if thou lay'st there
Upon the chair once more;
As if I bent down, longing
To trace thy pages o'er;
As if the scenes of wonder
Mine eye saw years ago
Stood out in fresh bright colours,
A fair and wondrous show.

As if again I gazèd
On each quaint arabesque,
That bordered every picture
With forms and shapes grotesque;
With foliage and with flowers,
With tendril and with bine,—
Profuse symbolic garlands,
Suiting each fair design.

As if, as in the old time,
I to my mother went
And begged of her to tell me
What each strange picture meant;
As if, for every picture
Some pious word or strain
She taught me, while my father
Looked fondly on us twain.

Oh Days! ye have departed,
You're like a tale to me!
The Picture Bible's splendour,
The eye of faith to see,
Both my beloved parents,
The mind at ease and gay,
The joy and bliss of childhood,
All, all have passed away!

THE HUSSAR HORSE.

THERE the bold black steed I saw,
Harness'd bravely for the battle:
He in two the rein did gnaw,
Pawed the pavement, made it rattle.

Sparks flew, and I thus did say:
"Steed! this pavement here is stony;
Later though will come a day
When thou'llt hear one sound that's bony;

"Skull on skull there on the plain,
Where men fought and gave no quarter;
Neigh, my charger!—Blood and brain,
Of such pavement are the mortar.

"And, sparklike, as harvest, lo!
Rise thence last thoughts of the dying.
Aye, the last:—with piercing glow
Round thy flanks and pasterns flying.

“They, accusing thee, will call,
Cursing some, and others wailing:
But thou, snorting, will’st bear all
With thee in thy fetlocks trailing!”

A FUGITIVE.

IN one of my day-dreams arose
A rider on a steed,
Who fled before a band of foes,
At mad and foaming speed.

Upon his lance his pennant hung,
Rent through with many a shiver;
But still his bow was firmly strung,
And full was still his quiver.

Back from his seat the rider bent
And many a hissing dart,
Even in his wildest flight, he sent
Right to some foeman's heart!

One fell upon his saddlebow;
One on his horse's mane,
Another's head hung down below
And trailed along the plain.

Now rode the fugitive alone;
His gauntlet off drew he,
But thought when riding slowly on:
“The Fiend take peace for me!

“And such a pace—a dull jog-trot
As if my steed were lame—
Wake up, ye foes, whom I have shot!”
So he—and I the same!

Again let all your troubles flow,
Pain, Pleasure, Grief and Love—
Alas! Already long ago
Have I drawn off my glove!

BRAIN FEVER.

“FRESH water!—oh! it cools my breath—
The pompous prig’s my bane and hate!
Weigh on me loathsome than death
The fellow’s phiz, and his bald pate!
‘Now for your pulse—one instant, pray—’,
Off hands—and off yourself at once;
Aye, mutter ‘crisis’ as you may!—
Fool! take the beaker at your sconce.

“At last—he’s off the Sorcerer!
Well done, my bold unerring hand!
I’ve left my keepers in the rear!—
How I am soaring!—What a land!
The blossoming grove wafts forth perfumes!
The sun sinks golden in the stream—
The mead has thousand tufted blooms—
The vault of Heaven’s one sapphire gleam.

“How cool the air beneath this tree!
Oh! I am faint! how wet my hair!—
Drink—drink—Ha! sparkling cups I see,
And maidens stretch them to me there—
Let—let me slumber—they entwine
My brow with flowers—the Loveliest’s arm
Clasps me;—there, look! what falchions shine?
Back, back! weak mercenary swarm!

“Who dares upon my joys to break?
I mock at him—I scorn him, soon
This blade shall teach him not to wake
Me lightly with his blustering tone.
Sound, trumpets, sound! flout, standards, flout!
Helm’s red crests flutter! steel-bits rattle!
Whet on their skulls the notches out
Of dinted swords—march! on to battle!

“See! See! blood streams from many a wound!
It shoots to heaven—it flecks the sun;
A sea of gore o’erfloods the ground!—
The combatants are vanished—gone!—
Help—aid me! from the field they fly—
Red, crimson red—is all beneath!
The torrent seizes me—and high
Upon an Islet’s top stands Death.

“There—at his feet the billows swell;—
They cast me out—away!—the gates
Of Heaven are here—and there is Hell—
From either forth, an arm dilates;
With hideous laughter-peal they hurl
Their arms to seize me—Horror!—see!
Heaven’s angels and Hell’s dragons curl
About me—and contend for me.

“Oh God—oh God! they hale and tear!
Am I of wire to be drawn?—
Flames lick me—here—there—everywhere!
And under—grimly seen to yawn
The Eternal Void. How shall I fly?
They let me loose—they plunge me deep,
Down, down—where am I?—Is it you?—
Stay by me—watch me, as I sleep.

“He comes again—ah—do not go!
See you him not? I see him there—
He grins and o’er me crouches low—
Stay—stand by me in my despair!—
Back—back! Why lay’st thou red-hot coal
Upon my head—to burn, and bear
To the foul Spirit, thro’ the hole
When it comes forth, my soul?—Beware!”

In frenzy from his couch he sprung,
His clench'd fist knocking at his breast,
Wild roll his eyes, and round him flung,
Half hides his ghastly limbs his vest.
Loose o'er his livid temples flow
His stringy locks—red—brownish red
His face—“Now Death—come, foe to foe!”—
He sinks collapsing—he is dead!

AMMONIUM.

“REST, stranger, while thy courser grazes;
Oh, travel on no more this night!
Stay by the greenest of oases,
That shines amid the sandy places
As when a topaz-wreath encases
An emerald’s pure refreshing light!”

“Thanks for your hospitable proffer!”
He said, and lighted down from his
Steed on the grass, and sat down over
Against his hosts, while past did hover
The vulture, flying to recover
Her eyrie in Pentapolis.

A sound of song and joyous dances;
Wide on his knees he spread his book:
The tents, the fires, the steeds, the lances,
The swart Arabian countenances,
The beards, the shields,—like wild romances
These things his ardent fancy took.

He sat with busy pencil stealing
An image of his desert rest;
By the clear spring were camels kneeling;
The lissom Arab maids, revealing
Their features half, and half concealing,
Sang, fleeting round their Christian guest:—

“Rest, stranger, while thy courser grazes;
Oh, travel on no more this night!
Stay by the greenest of oases,
That shines amid the sandy places
As when a topaz-wreath enchases
An emerald’s pure, refreshing light!”

THE STEPPES.

A Fragment.

FROM ocean strand to ocean strand
Spreads the grim, giant wilderness,
Stretched out, like some great beggar's hand,
To God in all its emptiness.
The jagged torrents through it borne,
The winding wheel-ruts in it worn
By colonists from many a land,
The tracks where buffaloes have trod,—
All seem to me (engraved by God)
The furrows of that giant hand.

AFRICA.

Ye zones, so strange and wondrous,
Thou distant magic land,
Where swarthy men are roving
Burnt by the sun's fierce brand;
Where all things glow and sparkle,
Where Phoebus' golden beam
The genuine gold doth darken
That flashes bright in every stream.

Thy forests dark and deserts
Are present to my view,
Thy feathered palms are mirrored
In lakes of deepest blue;
The wild beasts' roar is sounding
From cleft and cavern black,
With heavy bales and costly
The Arab loads his camel's back.

There, too, the curly negro
Gold-dust in rivers seeks,
And there Mount Atlas gravely
Rears heaven-supporting peaks;
The sun-light tinges brightly
Its crags with radiant blush,
While elephants gray and sombre
With ponderous step the meadows crush.

To dip his mane in the river
The lion stoopeth down,
And swiftly as the lightning
Canoes dart, light and brown;
They pass o'er depths securely,
And dates and rosin bear,
And from the waves, dark faces
All dripping and all wet appear.

Oh zone! So hot and glowing,
Queen of the earth art thou!
Sand is thy mantle flowing,
The sun doth crown thy brow;
Of gold, thou queenly woman,
Are all the clasps and rims,
That fasten with fiery splendour
The garment to thy burning limbs.

The strand, with rocks and quicksands,
Naked and parched with heat,
Cut into shapes fantastic,
Is a footstool for thy feet;
The ocean far beneath it,
Its edge doth hem and braid,
Washing thy sandals, foaming,
As an anxious and a willing maid.

On dazzling mats of scarlet
Thou liest thoughtful and calm,
The spotted panthers are licking
The fingers of thy left palm;
While skilfully thy right hand,
Sparkling with jewels rare,
Into a tress is twisting
The lion's mane of tawny hair,

And then again, untwining it,
Into a five-toothed prong,
Dost comb the hair's dense tresses
His curvèd back along;
His flanks are proudly heaving;—
Anon, with the same hand
Commandingly thou scarest
The slim giraffes across the sand.

Upon thy shoulder sitting
In his plumage' bright display,
With chattering and with screaming
Perches a parrot gay;—
He lays his beak so crooked
Against thy listening ear,
With voice both loud and ringing
Relates he stories strange to hear.

A silken turban, broidered
With flowers, decks thy hair,
A rich and costly necklace,
Such as Sultanas wear,
Of thousand links close-knitted
To chain compact and sound,
With golden coil encircles
Thy neck which sun and heat have browned.

Who is there, that has seen thee
In all thy splendour quite?
Dense forests ever screen thee,
Waving with leafy night
Before thy golden crescent,
Before thy cheek's rich bloom,
Before thy lips of ruby,
Before thine eye which flashes gloom.

None, none have yet beheld thee,
Oh Queen, from face to face,
Although full many a suitor
Advanced with fearless pace
To lift the veil that covers
Thy brow with mystic fold,—
Ah, with his life atoned he
Th' attempt he ventured all too bold!

From off thy throne thou rorest
With menace dread to see—
“Arouse ye, oh my lions,
Tear him, and fight for me;
Oh Sun! thy living fire
From cloudless tent on high
Hurl down on the offender
With scorching ardour, hot and dry!

“Subdue his strength, ye vapours,
With sultry poisonous breath,
And let at every palm-tree
A javelin threaten death;
Ye curly-headed negroes,
Haste, bring to me his blood,
Let fly your hissing arrows,
And take an aim full sure and good!”

Then up doth bound the lion,
Roaring with fierce delight,
And strikes his paw unwieldy
In the breast of the hapless White;
From every bush a warrior
With hideous grin doth leap,
And with its breath of poison
The Smoom the desert plain doth sweep.

His spur the Jolof presses
Deep in his charger's side;—
How can the fainting Pale-face
Such rage as this abide?
All gashed and gory, sinking
A corpse upon the sand,
He cruelly hath perished,
Oh dread Sultana, through thy hand!

Thee, whom he fain desired
To disclose to every eyc,
And who didst therefore bear him
Displeasure kindled high;
Thee, in thy sanctuary,
He would have glorified,
Wherefore didst thou deter him
To publish thine own fame and pride?

The Negro-kings who saw thee
Thirst for the white man's blood,
Now offer it unto thee
In humble suppliant mood;
The golden bowl dost brandish,
Flashing in blood-red sheen,
That many a drop of crimson
Is sprinkled on thy veil of green.

Thy swelling lips thou pressest
Against the vessel's rim,
On the yellow sand thou gazest
With savage smile and grim;
The corpse before thee is lying,
Fiercely the sun doth sting;—
Through ages and through nations
Thy murdered suitors' fame shall ring!

THE LION'S RIDE.

KING of deserts reigns the lion; will he through his realm go riding
Down to the lagoon he paces, in the tall sedge there lies hiding.
Where gazelles and camelopards drink, he crouches by the shore;
Ominous, above the monster, moans the quivering sycamore.

When, at dusk, the ruddy hearth-fires in the Hottentot kraals are
glowing,
And the motley, changeful signals on the Table Mountain growing
Dim and distant,—when the Caffre sweeps along the lone karroo,—
When in the bush the antelope slumbers, and beside the stream
the gnu,—

Lo! majestically stalking, yonder comes the tall giraffe,
Hot with thirst, the gloomy waters of the dull lagoon to quaff;
O'er the naked waste behold her, with parched tongue, all panting
hasten,—
Now she sucks the cool draught, kneeling, from the stagnant, slimy
basin.

Hark! a rustling in the sedges! with a roar, the lion springs
On her back now. What a race-horse! Say, in proudest stalls of
kings,
Saw one ever richer housings than the courser's motley hide,
On whose back the tawny monarch of the beasts to-night will
ride?

Fixed his teeth are in the muscles of the nape, with greedy strain;
Round the giant courser's withers waves the rider's yellow mane.
With a hollow cry of anguish, leaps and flies the tortured steed;
See her, how with skin of leopard she combines the camel's
speed!

See, with lightly beating footsteps, how she scours the moonlit
plains!
From their sockets start the eyeballs; from the torn and bleeding
veins,
Fast the thick, black drops come trickling, o'er the brown and
dappled neck,
And the flying beast's heart-beatings audible the stillness make.

Like the cloud, that, guiding Israel through the land of Yemen,
shone,
Like a spirit of the desert, like a phantom, pale and wan,
O'er the desert's sandy ocean, like a waterspout at sea,
Whirls a yellow, cloudy column, tracking them whree'er they
flee.

On their track the vulture follows, flapping, croaking, through the air,
And the terrible hyæna, plunderer of tombs, is there;
Follows them the stealthy panther,—Cape-town's folds have known him well;
Them their monarch's dreadful pathway, blood and sweat full plainly tell.

On his living throne, they, quaking, see their ruler sitting there,
With sharp claw the painted cushion of his seat they see him tear.
Restless the giraffe must bear him on, till strength and life-blood fail her;
Mastered by such daring rider, rearing, plunging, naught avail her.

To the desert's verge she staggers,—sinks,—one groan—and all is o'er.
Now the steed shall feast the rider, dead, and smeared with dust and gore.
Far across, o'er Madagascar, faintly now the morning breaks;—
Thus the king of beasts his journey nightly through his empire makes.

THE SPECTRE-CAKAVAN.

"TWAS at midnight, in the Desert, where we rested on the ground;
There my Beddaween were sleeping, and their steeds were
stretched around;

In the farness lay the moonlight on the mountains of the Nile,
And the camel-bones that strewed the sands for many an arid
mile.

With my saddle for a pillow did I prop my weary head,
And my caftan-cloth unfolded o'er my limbs was lightly spread,
While beside me, both as Captain and as watchman of my
band,
Lay my Bazra sword and pistols twain a-shimmering on the
sand.

The stillness was unbroken, save at moments by a cry
Some stray belated vulture sailing blackly down the sky,
Snortings of a sleeping steed at waters fancy-seen,
hurried warlike mutterings of some dreaming Beddaween.

On they came, their hueless faces toward Mecca evermore;
On they came, long files of camels, and of women whom they
bore;
Guides and merchants, youthful maidens, bearing pitchers like
Rebecca,
And behind them troops of horsemen, dashing, hurrying on to
Mecca!

More and more! the phantom-pageant overshadowed all the plains,
Yea, the ghastly camel-bones arose, and grew to camel-trains;
And the whirling column-clouds of sand to forms in dusky garbs,
Here, afoot as Hadjee pilgrims—there, as warriors on their barbs!

Whence we knew the Night was come when all whom Death had
sought and found,
Long ago amid the sands whereon their bones yet bleach around,
Rise by legions from the darkness of their prisons low and lone,
And in dim procession march to kiss the Kaaba's Holy Stone.

More and more! the last in order have not passed across the plain,
Ere the first with slackened bridle fast are flying back again.
From Cape Verde's palmy summits, even to Babel-Mandeb's
sands,
They have sped ere yet my charger, wildly rearing, breaks his
bands!

Courage! hold the plunging horses; each man to his charger's
head!
Tremble not as timid sheep-flocks tremble at the lion's tread.
Fear not, though yon waving mantles fan you as they hasten on;
Call on *Allah*! and the pageant ere you look again is gone!

Patience! till the morning breezes wave again your turban's plume;
Morning air and rosy dawning are their heralds to the tomb.
Once again to dust shall day-light doom these Wandrers of the
night;
See, it dawns!—a joyous welcome neigh our horses to the light!

UNDER THE PALM-TREES.

MANES are fluttering through the bushes; deadly strife is in the wood:

Hear'st thou not the roar and stamping from yon palmgrove's neighbourhood?

Climb with me upon the teak-tree! Gently, lest thy quiver's rattle Should disturb them! Look, the tiger and the leopard meet in battle!

For the body of the white man, whom the tiger did surprise
Sleeping 'mid the crimson flowers on this slope of many dyes,—
For the stranger, three moons nearly our tent's guest, us oft inviting

With him plants to seek and chafers,—the pied monsters now are fighting.

Woe! no arrow more can save him! Closed already is his eye!
Red his temples as the blossoms of the thistle waving nigh;
As within a bloody basin, where the mound is slightly tinted,
Lies he; and his cheek is deeply with the tiger's claw imprinted.

Woe, white man! on thee thy mother never more shall glad her eyes!—

Foaming at the mouth, the leopard on the raging tiger flies;
But his left paw he reposes on the body to be rended,
And the right one, high uplifted, threatening to the foe is wended.

What a bound! Look, look, the leaper grips the dead man by the arm!

But the other holds his booty; dragging it he flies from harm.
On their hind legs fight they; wildly each upon the other gazing,
As they rear, the livid body stark upright between them raising.

Then—oh, look! above them something gliding from the branches hangs,

Greenly shining, jaws all open, poisonous slime upon its fangs!
Giant serpent! thou the booty leav'st to neither forest-ranger!

'Thou entwinest, thou dost crush them—tiger, leopard, and pale stranger!

THIRREE STANZAS.

RECEIVE a short fantastic strain.—With raptured gaze upon creation

A cherub stood before the sun; his silence was an adoration.
The eternal orb his altar, and his votive flame its burning gold,
His rosary the silver stars which thro' the cherub's fingers rolled.

As from the votary's pious hands fall one by one the beads of grace,
Thus, falling from the angel's hand, drops world on world to endless space;

They roll upon their diamond cords for century on century,
The cherub's beads are Heaven's orbs from Uranus to Mercury.

As breaks upon a rosary the altar-lamp's eternal shine,
So gleams Creation's rosary, thus lighted by the Sun, its shrine;
Till up the silent cherub springs, with watching and with praying
clothed;

He flings the rosary away—the Sun's vast temple is destroyed!

LEVIATHAN.

"Thou didst divide the sea by thy strength: thou
brakest the heads of the dragons in the waters.
Thou brakest the heads of Leviathan in pieces,
and gavest him to be meat to the people in-
habiting the wilderness."

Psalm LXXIV.

"TWAS in the early autumn-time, I wandered forth upon the strand,
My temples bare, my eyes downcast, the songs of David in my
hand.—
The sea went rough, the tide rolled in, an eastern wind was whist-
ling high,
On the horizon, white of sail, westwards a ship was flying by.

And as I, in King David's book, now skimming oft, now gazing
round,
Had come up to the passage, which prophetic o'er these lines is
found,
I saw three fishing-smacks approach, which drifting slowly, on-
wards bore
—Their dusky sails furled close—towards the lonely and deserted
shore.

Behind them, dipping from the waves, an inky mass does float along,
A giant monster of the sea; 'twas fastened to a cable strong;—
Loud creak the spars; the sullen surge beats on the shore, the
anchor's cast,
The fishing-vessels with their prize, upon the beach are hauled at
last.

And now in numbers to the call of husbands and of brethren haste
The People of the Wilderness from out their dwellings in the
waste;
They gaze on Ocean's mighty son, his body slit with fearful gash,
They gaze upon his shattered head, whose rays no more to Heaven
shall flash.

But few years since, the ice-bound pole gave birth to this its drip-
ping son;
A novice yet, he lost his way unto this shallow coast and dun;
Sand-banks forbade him his return back to the open sea to take,
And, with a fisher's spear, the Lord the young sea-giant's head did
break.

And round the bleeding animal they shouted—yet it seemed to me,
As tho' with fierce contemptuous eye, he looked on their unfeeling
glee;
Methought his crimson-bubbling blood was ebbing forth in angry
flood,
Methought he muttered to the storm: “oh despicable human brood!

“Oh! puny dwarfs, who but o'erreached the giant with deceit at last,

Pitiful clods, who fain must shun my watery empire deep and vast,
Weak mortals, who but venture forth in hollow bark upon the sea,
Like to the wretched oyster, which ne'er from its shell apart can be!

“Oh, drear inhospitable coast! Oh, drear and empty living there!
Oh, dreary people! How they shook, when first my snorting they did hear!

How comfortless their hovels mean upon the naked beach do lie!
But—art thou better much than they, oh Poet, who dost see me die?

“I would I were, where Ocean ends, and where the World doth cease to be,

Where, crashing thro' the darkness float icebergs in frozen majesty;
I wish a sword-fish, whetting there his knife on ice so white and clear,

Would flash it swiftly through my breast—at least I should not perish here!”

’Twas in the early autumn-time, an eastern wind was whistling high,

On the horizon, white of sail, westwards a ship was flying by;—
I turned aside, and threw me down upon the sand,—the Lord doth give

The giant’s broken head as meat, to them that in the Desert live.

MIRAGE.

ALL o'er the harbour gay with flags, my restless eyes a-wandering
go;
But thine, with laughing glances, seek the plume that droops across
my brow!
“Fain of thy deserts I would hear, while waves are gurgling round
the boat;
Come, paint me something of the land from whence that ostrich
tuft was brought!”

Thou wilt? I shade my brow awhile beneath the hollow of my
hand:
Let fall the curtain of thine eyes: lo! there the deserts' glowing
sand!
The camping places of the tribe that gave me birth, thine eye dis-
cerns;
Bare in her sun-scorched widow's weed around thee now Zahara
burns.

Who travelled thro' the Lion-land? Of hoofs and claws ye see the prints;

Tombuctoo's caravan! the spear far on the horizon, yonder, glints; Wave banners; purple thro' the dust streams out the Emir's princely dress,

And grave, with sober stateliness, the camel's head o'erlooks the press.

In serried troop, where sand and sky together melt, they hurry on; Already in the sulphurous mist, the lurid distance gulps them down.

Yet, by the riders' track, too well, ye trace the flying onward host;

Full thickly marked, the sand is strewn with many a thing their speed has lost.

The first—a dromedary, dead—a ghastly milestone, marks their course;

Perched on the bulk, with naked throats, two vultures revel, shrieking hoarse,

And eager for the meal delayed, yon costly turban little heed,

Lost by an Arab youth, and left in the wild journey's desperate speed.

Now bits of rich caparisons the thorny tamarind bushes strew;

And nearer, drained, and white with dust, a water-skin, rent thro' and thro';

Who's he that kicks the gaping thing, and furious stares with quivering lid?

is the black-haired Scheik, who rules the land of Biledulgerid.

He closed the rear; the courser fell, and cast him off, and fled away;
All panting to his girdle hangs his favourite wife, in wild deray;
How flashed her eye, as, raised to selle, at dawn she smiled upon
her lord!

Now thro' the waste he drags her on, as from a baldric trails a
sword.

The sultry sand that but at night the lion's shaggy tail beats down,
The hair of yonder helpless thing now sweeps, in tangled tresses
strown;

It gathers in her flow of locks, burns up her sweet lips' spicy dew;
Its cruel flints, with sanguine streaks, her tender dragging limbs
embrew.

And now the stronger Emir fails! with boiling blood his pulses
strain;

His eye is gorged, and on his brow, blue glistening, beats the
throbbing vein;

With one devouring kiss, his last, he wakes the drooping Moorish
child;

Then flings himself, with furious curse, down on the red unsheltered
Wild.

But she, amazed, looks round her—"Ha! what sight? My lord,
awake, behold!

The Heaven, that seemed all brazen, how like steel it glitters,
clear and cold!

The desert's yellow glare is lost! All round the dazzling light
appears,—

It is a glitter like the sea's, that with its breakers rocks Algiers!

“It surges, sparkles, like a stream! I scent its moisture cool from
hence;

A wide-spread mirror yonder gleams! Awake! It is the Nile
perchance.

Yet no! We travelled south, indeed;—then surely 'tis the Senegal!
Or, can it be the ocean free, whose billows yonder rise and fall?

“What matter? still 'tis water! Wake! My cloak's already flung
away,—

Awake, my lord! and let us on—this deadly scorching to allay!
A cooling draught, a freshening bath, with life anew will nerve
our limbs,

To reach yon fortress towering high, that distance now with rack
bedims.

“I see around its portals gray the crimson banners, waving, set;
Its battled ramparts rough with spears; its hold with mosque and
minaret;

All in its roads, with lofty masts, slow rocking, many a galley
lies;

Our travellers crowd its rich bazaars, and fill its caravanserais.

“Beloved! I am faint with thirst! wake up! the twilight nears!”—
Alas!

He raised his eye once more, and groaned—“It is the desert's mock-
ing glass!

A cheat, the play of spiteful fiends, more cruel than the Smoom!”—
All hoarse

stopped:—the vision fades!—she sank, the dying girl, upon his
corse!

—Thus of his native land the Moor in Venice Haven oft would
tell:
On Desdemona's eager ear, the Captain's story thrilling fell.
She started, as the gondola jarred on the quay with trembling
prow;
He, silent, to the palace led the heiress of Brabantio.

THE PHOENIX.*

I.

WHEN over Niger's banks is breaking
 Another century's morning star,
The new-born Phoenix, first awaking,
 Expands his purple pinions far!
He gazes, from the mountain towers
 On which his ancient eyrie stands,
Towards east and west, o'er cinnamon bowers,
 And o'er the desert's arid sands!

He sees the red sirocco wheeling
 Its sandy clouds along the waste,
And streams through palmy valleys stealing,
 Where the plumed ostrich speeds in haste.
There waves the Moorish flag of battle;
 There sound, at night, the jackal's cries;
There caravans are chased as cattle,
 By storms that far beneath him rise!

in 1836, for the first number of a periodical called "The Phoenix".

Southward, he sees the Caffre rangers,
In gathering hordes, for fight arrayed;
Northward, the tents of hostile strangers
Are pitched beneath the fig-tree's shade!
There, swords are red, where, far extending,
Their squadrons combat on the sand,
And France's battle-cries are blending
With those of Abdel Kader's band!

These views the Phoenix, troubled never
With War's wild rage or Party's sway,
But from his nest, with proud endeavour,
Fans their polluting dust away!
And still, where vales in sunshine brighten,
He gathers spices 'round his form,
And bids his glorious pinion lighten
Above the thunder and the storm!

II.

That glorious bird may *this* resemble!
For him begins a long career;
In the mind's realm untaught to tremble,
He spreads his wing from year to year!
From east to west he gazes, waking,
But storm and struggling meet his eye;
The ancient fortresses are quaking
With clash of arms and battle-cry!

He sees the strife and hears the warning,
Which rouse and stir the present time,
But on his breast, a better morning
Is glowing with its flame divine.
He soars to find a free dominion,
Where Faction's fetters are unknown;
And the proud sweeping of his pinion
Is for the True and Pure alone!

The coming centuries inherit
No burthen from the ages gone,
For the unfettered human spirit
Marches, with Time, progressive on!
But from the dust and strife of nations,
The Good shall never spring to light;
The soul of nobler generations
Is only born of Truth and Right!

And *these* shall be his aim forever;
Above the conflict of the crowd
He soars with high and fixed endeavour—
A banner waving o'er the cloud!
No power can bar his swift advances;
Still shall he fan the glorious fire,
Though broken swords and splintered lances
Should build, at last, his funeral pyre!

THE RIDER.*

THE rider slowly through the silent dell
Guided his steed. On breast and shoulder fell
His beard and hair down, thickly curled and long.
He gave his weary horse the slackened rein;
And, 'mid the dark firs, breathed a mournful strain:
"God! why hast thou bestowed the gift of song?"

"For long years, sleeping in my silent breast,
Like ore in the mine, I knew not, in my rest,
That songs lay hidden in my bosom low.
Alas! that I should ope the secret door—
Out from my heart, like life-blood, warm they pour,
Not to be stay'd.—I bleed as on they flow.

* The Editor regrets not to be able to give another version of this characteristic poem. Besides deviating in many stanzas from the original metre, the translator has omitted four whole stanzas.

“None knows my pain. Smiling they say around—
‘See, that is good—a Poet we have found—
Behold a ray of genius divine;’
Or, ‘From this spring of song, if God so will,
A fair, broad river may expand, and fill,
And o’er the land with mighty current shine.’

“Oh leave me, let me walk in my own way,
Nor hear your wearying queries every day :
‘Speak, poet, tell us—what is poesy?’
You only laugh, when from my heart I speak,
With tearful eye, and with a glowing cheek,
And look on you and answer dreamily:—

“When in the wood one climbs the topmost bough
Of an oak, and ‘mid its rustling fragrant leaves
Sits rocking, and his arms together weaves,
And dreams and muses of his distant love,
And through the foliage, green and light, below
Sees, lying in its nest a turtle-dove;

“Or when you ride into the breaking sea,
On some strong fisher’s shoulders, and you lay
Upon his bristling head the Odyssey,
And sing and carol, ‘mid the tossing spray,
Till all amazed the fisherman will say—
‘I’ve got a madman on my back at play!’

“When on a steed, with two or three beside,
You dash along in wild and venturous ride,
—See how the straining coursers snort and blow!—
And leaning forward in the maddening race,
The long black manes fly waving in your face;—
See, that is poetry—if you will know.

“Or when, at night, you drive across a flood,
On some long hollow-sounding bridge of wood,
Till the hoofs clatter, with a sharper sound,
Suddenly treading on the hard paved ground,—
Then the first stroke of iron on the stone
Has poetry, believe me, in its tone.

“Or when you, like a swan with snowy breast,
Through the blue twilight, in a little boat,
'Mid the dim ships, across the haven float,
Till, suddenly, your shallop comes to rest
Beside some mighty ship's majestic breast—
So, near a palace, lies some cottage-nest!—

“Or when, soft swinging in the evening breeze,
A negro on the rigging lies at ease,
Drinks in the coolness of the parting day,
And lazily hums o'er some foreign lay—
'Tis poetry—for me; for star-like, there
Shine his white eye-balls through the misty air.

“And 'twould be poetry, if this black steed
That bears me now—sprung from the Danish breed—
Seized with affright, in this lone dell should rear,
And dash me on those rocky splinters here—
Blood streaming from my head, and sudden night
All thickly gathering o'er my fainting sight;—

“Then as I oped my eyes and caught the ray,
For the last time, of the departing day,
And saw my good steed standing, with droop'd head,
As if he sorrowed for his rider dead,
And bending over, strove to cherish me
With his warm breath—that would be poetry! ”

ON THE DRACHENFELS.

(1839.)

HIGH stood I on the Drachenfels,
I bit my lip, my eye flashed proudly,
From cliff and crag with joyous yells
My pointer roused glad echoes loudly;
He flew before, he leapt, he ran,
As though some game he were pursuing,
But I looked forth, a joyful man,
The scene beneath me lost in viewing.

In luscious glory of its vine
Of purple and of yellow clustre,
I saw the Valley of the Rhine
Arch, like a goblet green of lustre;
A chalice rare!—Tradition dreams
Upon its brink on ruins hoary;
The wine that in the goblet beams—
Love and Romance, renowned in story!

Lo! how it sparkles! Joust and fight!
Cheeks glow and flush, and hearts beat madly,
Helmet and casque are flashing bright,
And fresh fair wounds are trickling gladly;
While on yon turret pensive stands
To whom are lowered lance and crest;—
Wherefore am I thus strangely moved?
What sweet foreboding thrills my breast?

WILD FLOWERS.

ALONE I strolled, where the Rhinestream rolled,
On each hedge was the wild rose glowing,
And through the air, the perfume rare
Of the blooming vine was blowing.
The poppies red their brilliance spread,
The corn to the South-wind was bending,
Over Roland's Hill, a falcon shrill
With his cry the air was rending.

In mine ear there rung the old sweet song:
"Oh, were I a gay young falcon!"
Oh, thou melody, as a falcon shy,
And as bold too as a falcon!
Who will sing and try? To the sun on high
Shall the song on its wings upwave me;
'Gainst a window small, against bars withal,
With my pinions I'll flutter bravely.

Where doth stand a rose, where a curtain blows,
Where skiffs on the shore are lying,
Where two eyes of brown the stream gaze down,
I fain would be flying, flying!
There with talon strong, and my wild wood-song,
At her feet I'd fain be sitting,
Encircling now full proudly her brow
With soft and tender greeting!

Oh, but well I sang, and full well I ran,
But no wings could I unfold then!
And my heart was sore, as the ears I tore
Off the stems of the grain so golden;
Bending bough and bush, rending reed and rush
I ceased not from tearing and grasping,
Till breathless and worn, and my hands all torn,
I threw me down all gasping.

On the mountains mirth, joy upon the earth,
In the river boys were sporting,
But lonely I sat dreamily,
My bunch of wild flowers sorting!
My nosegay wild! More than one would smile
To look at these flowers and me, love,
But your hand will take the poor gift for the sake
Of a day I thought on thee, love!

'Tis a humble knot of flowers, I wot,
As might grace a peasant's dwelling;
Some cornflowers blue, and clover too,
Such as grow each field and dell in;
Sweet Eglantine, and a spray of vine
With its tendrils green to bind them;—
Stuff of little worth—like him who went forth
To meadow and wood to find them!

Flashes fire from his eye, his cheeks flush high,
His hands he clenches trembling,
His heart doth throb, seething hot his blood,
His brow a black cloud resembling;
His flowers see!—Wretched weeds and he
Despised and forsaken are lying;
His breast doth heave,—wilt thou pass and leave
Him and them by the way-side dying?

REPOSE OF LOVE.

THUS let me sit for evermore,
Oh, ever let me sit as now;
Let both thy gentle hands glide o'er,
Glide softly o'er my heated brow!
Here at thy feet, oh let me lie,
In dreamy joy, serene and blessed.
Oh, let me close in bliss mine eye,
In thy embrace, upon thy breast !

Let me but ope it to the sheen
Which wondrously illuminates thine;
In which I'll e'er repose serene,
My life! my all! for ever mine!
Let me but ope it to the tear,
Which burning seeks to burst its thrall,
Which unawares, a crystal sphere—
Seeks through my closing lid to fall.

Thus I'm at rest, thus kind and good,
Thus I am gentle, thus at peace!
I have thee—and 'tis all I would!
I have thee—and my wishes cease!
Thine arm the cradle of my woes,
Love's sweet narcotics round me fly,
And every breath thy lips disclose
Breathes in my heart a lullaby.

And worlds for me in each exist,
And oh, the joy each day imparts!
With blissful trembling thus to list
Unto our mutual throbbing hearts!
In our love's silent night thus blessed,
The World and Time do we exclude,
Intoxicated, dream and rest
In sweet oblivious solitude.

OH! LOVE WHILE LOVE IS LEFT TO THEE.

Oh! love while Love is left to thee;
Oh! love while Love is yet thine own;
The hour will come when bitterly
Thou'l mourn by silent graves, alone!

And let thy breast with kindness glow,
And gentle thoughts within thee move,
While yet a heart, through weal and woe,
Beats to thine own in faithful love.

And who to thee his heart doth bare,
Take heed thou fondly cherish him:
And gladden thou his every hour,
And not an hour with sorrow dim!

And guard thy lips and keep them still;
Too soon escapes an angry word:
“Oh God! I did not mean it ill!”
But yet he sorrowed as he heard.

Oh! love while Love is left to thee;
Oh! love while Love is yet thine own;
The hour will come when bitterly
Thou'l mourn by silent graves, alone.

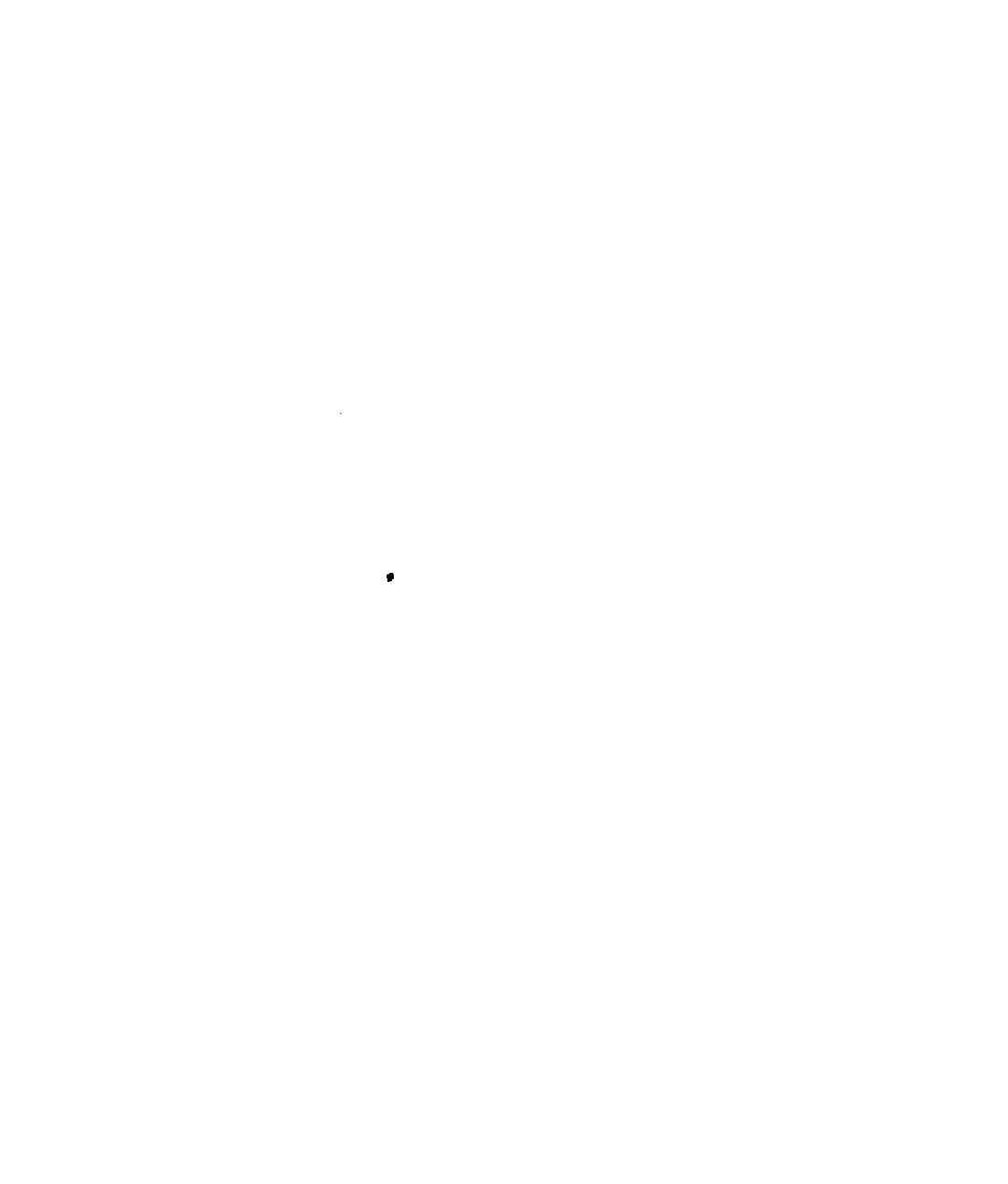
Unheard, unheeded then, alas!
Kneeling, thou'l hide thy streaming eyes
Amid the long damp churchyard grass,
Where, cold and low, thy loved one lies.

And murmur: “Oh, look down on me,
Mourning my causeless anger still;
Forgive my hasty word to thee—
Oh God! I did not mean it ill!”

He hears not now thy voice to bless,
In vain thine arms are flung to heaven!
And, hushed the loved lip's fond caress,
It answers not: “I *have* forgiven!”

He *did* forgive—long, long ago!
But many a burning tear he shed
O'er thine unkindness—softly now!
He slumbers with the silent dead.

Oh! love while Love is left to thee;
Oh! love while Love is yet thine own;
The hour will come when bitterly
Thou'l mourn by silent graves—alone!



II.

(1840—1869).

A HAMLET ON THE RHINE.

ROMANCE! I greet thee! Lo, thy eyrie bold!

Its slender turrets in the air up-towering,
Its crumbling porches, mossy ruins old,
Its castle, firm and rugged to behold,

How doth it wrap my soul with sway o'erpowering!
Hail once again! I tread in pensive dream
Thy fairest refuge on the Rhine's fair stream.

Thou still art here! In weeds of cloister plain,
Through coloured panes thou gazest on me sadly,
Outlawed thou art by Reason and her train,
Alas! the wisdom of this age were fain

To banish thee for evermore most gladly!
In river strongholds, tottering and decayed,
Thou hidest tremblingly, oh wondrous maid!

In churches, ah! so desolate and bare,
Yon is the place where loud thy soul is wailing!
In empty churches, thou, with streaming hair,
Dost weeping kneel with many a broken prayer,
And fervent clinging to the altar's railing,
Within whose shadow's ever sacred calm
Dost seek devout a sanctuary's balm!

Yet thou art she, whom oft in days of yore
A Nation's Best with rapt delight praised loudly,
Whom Ludwig Tieck's white palfrey oftentimes bore,
Who, through the wood of poesy, before
Didst dash—Brentano, Arnim following proudly;—
Glows bright the forest, silver-springs around,
And like a dream the Fairy Horn doth sound.

Days long since past!—Adown the shore strode I,
—Not Volker saw the Rhine more limpid racing—
A steamboat on its way went rushing by,
The wheel ploughed deep, and threw the foam on high,
Upon the deck one of thy priests was pacing;
The youngest sure—and yet already now
Gray are the locks that float round Uhland's brow!

We recognition waved; my lonely town
He soon passed by, o'erlooking the swift river;
Upon us twain the Lorelei gazed down—
Upon my lips a cry of joy I drown,
But in my eyes hot tears all trembling quiver;
A mournful song into my memory came,
“Three students crossed the Rhine”—This was its name!

Yes, this the Rhine, whose wave doth hide the gold,
Whereon old Uhland's eyes with pleasure glistened!
And yon himself!—Romance, ah! there behold
The inspired lip that truly could unfold,
With magic word, thy glamour an he listed;
Is the eye, that in the enchanted Ring,
de the Witch-Elm, bathed in thy clear Spring!

That he was passing—ah! how well you knew!
From crag and chink, forth through the dewy morning
You gazed on him;—a sunny smile there flew,
Just as the vessel turn'd into view,
O'er thy wan features' sad resigned mourning!
With mournful pleasure, thou, on bended knee,
Upon thy river thine own bard didst see!

Yonder he fled, thy youngest, truest knight!
The last smoke fades in air, the ship retreating;
Gone too thy smile; the hills no more stand bright;—
Thy last brave champion, who for thee doth fight,—
And on a steamer!—strange my heart is beating!—
Mediæval Inspiration borne away
By a new Age's all resistless sway!

A simile! It entered full my soul,
And would not thence again, my will defying!
The melancholy hence that o'er me stole!
Thou Pale One, hushed and silent be thy dole!
An iron age! 'tis for thee, harsh and trying!
Heedless it undermines thy tottering throne,
Alas! not with its steamers' keel alone!

Thy empire, Lady, has departed long;
The world has changed; where, now, are thy dominions?
Another spirit than thine rules firm and strong;
It throbs in Life, and flames out into Song,
None e'er before it fluttered thus its pinions!
I also serve and wish it victory glad,—
But why wage war with thee, thou exile sad?

Thou, whose proud banner but from mould'ring wall
Doth lonely float, through the dull air slow-sailing,
Thou the Dethroned!—with agitated soul
Down at thy feet, I humbly, sadly fall,
A solemn witness of thy widow's wailing!
A child, all feverish, of this Era new,
Yet for the Past piously mourning too!

Not as a boy!—Only one hour, lo!
Stretched at thy feet, I'll join thee in thy sorrow!
The Spirit fresh that through these times doth blow,
I've promised it; it has my word and vow,
My blade must flash yet in the fight to-morrow!
Only one hour!—But that devoted quite
To thee alone, and to thy glory bright.

There, take me to thee! Take me in thy hold!
Hail, battlements, high in the air up-towering!
Hail, crumbling porches, mossy ruins old!
Hail, castle stern! Thou falcon's eyrie bold!
How do ye wrap my soul with sway o'erpowering!
Yon doth the Pfalz in fiery sunset shine,
The clouds seem castles—yes! this land is thine!

A church!—I enter it as in a dream;
The windows, richly stained, are deeply glowing;
The foliated pillars throw out haughty gleam,
And thro' the gloomy cloister's arches dim,
Careless and wild, a garden small is shewing;
Blending its azure and its verdure gay
With the cathedral's ever sombre gray.

And, softly trembling, nods the shadow light
Of waving boughs, upon the church-wall playing;
Yon is the tomb of Lady and of Knight,
Their figures, carved in marble, stand upright,
Their hands are raised aloft, as if for praying;
Gently resigned their pallid faces beam,
The peace of Death o'er both doth brightly stream.

A sacred lull!—Bustle and trade far gone!—
Romance! behold, my mourning fast is fleeting! .
That Joy and Peace divine, which is not known
To this new Age, alas!—to thee alone!
Here I can feel it in my bosom beating;
Earth fades away, and Heaven in blissful arms
Doth fold me close—hushed are all world's alarms!

Enough! enough! such haven not for aye!
Back to the Present! Great is Life's attraction!
But what this spot into my heart doth lay
May 't flame for ever! In my pulses may
It throb unceasing, hallowing every action!
May 't give me gladness, strength, and courage free,
When the loud day shall hoarsely summon me!

Thus will my service of the Time be pure!
Oh exiled Maid! With thee I would be grieving;
I came thy shrine to wet with teardrops, sure,
And lo! thou gav'st me power to endure;
Thy peace doth fill me; calmed, behold me leaving!
Thou shed'st thy light around me, I depart!—
An Exile—but e'en now a Queen thou art!

Farewell to day! The sunset's molten gold
Doth flood the aisle; deep-toned the bells are ringing!
Church-banners flutter o'er me half unrolled—
Ye Ever Wise, whom all things must be told,
Who therefore ask, what now I have been singing?—
Doth glow the Eternal Lamp, and Incense roll—
Call it a Requiem for Brentano's soul!

GOOD MORNING.

Down I gazed from Eifel's ridges wooded,
As the moon at full the clouds 'gan break;
Far and dazzling white, her lustre flooded
Laach's monastic walls and tranquil lake.

Gently breathed low winds across the valley,
Leaves and sedges whispered round the strand;
From the flood arose, and beckoned palely,
Fair and slim, the Nun's mysterious hand.

Like a flower afar, it glimmered whitely,
Rose and fell as heaved the water slow,
Round it mirrored stars were shining brightly,—
Were they charmed from Heaven to shine below?

Still the spotless hand the sign repeated;
Shuddering swelled the wave with surging flow;
Lights unearthly through the branches fleeted;
O'er the crossway leapt the frightened roe.

Was't the hind, that Genoveva mourning
Long attended, and her tears consoled?
Oh! there seized me then a sore sweet yearning
For the holy Fable-world of old!

Nearly, then, yon pallid hand obeying,
Had I followed to its magic cell:
But, with force awaked, myself arraying
'Gainst myself, I rose above the spell.

Lake and Abbey, spires of rock and turret,
Wood and vale, where Genoveva mourned:
From the scene, with moonlight glancing o'er it,
With one look, my last, I firmly turned.

Hastening thence, by tangled paths, while ever
On the leaves the wildering moonlight lay,
Toward the morning, and my native river;—
From the Night, to welcome in the Day!

So for real life I left my dreaming;
Shades and ghosts forsook without a sigh:—
Yonder, lo!—in joyous sunlight gleaming,
Deep, and broad, and green, the Rhine rushed by!

Rushed the Rhine;—and Life in motion met me;
Yes! *these* shores to life my heart invite;
Nor like those I left, extend to greet me,
Spectral hands, and lifeless fingers white.

No! the grasp of welcome undissembling,
From my People's frank and faithful hands,
That, with reverence due, but never trembling,
By the mark, resolved, for Justice stands.

Oh! it chased, with ghosts and idle yearning,
All of night that on my bosom lay.
To my nation, then, I bade "Good Morning!"
Next, God willing, shall I bid "Good Day!"

So "Good Morning!" Free I choose my station
With the people, and their cause make mine.
"Poet, march and labour with thy nation!"
Thus I read, to-day, my Schiller's line.

FREEDOM AND RIGHT.

Oh! think not she rests in the grave's chilly slumber,
Nor sheds o'er the present her glorious light,
Since Tyranny's shackles the free soul encumber
And traitors accusing, deny to us Right!
No! whether to exile the faithful are wending,
Or, weary of power that crushed them unending,
In dungeon's have perished, their veins madly rending,
Yet Freedom still liveth, and with her, the Right!
Freedom and Right!

A single defeat can confuse us no longer:
It adds to the combat's fast gathering might,
It bids us but doubly to struggle, and stronger
To raise up our battle-cry—"Freedom and Right!"
For the Twain know a union for ever abiding,
Together in Truth and in Majesty striding;
Where Right is, already the free are residing,
And ever, where dwell the free, governeth Right!
Freedom and Right!

FLOWERS CROWD ON FLOWERS THE UNDYING
HUMAN TREE.

FLOWERS crowd on flowers the undying human tree;
By laws eterne they spring successive forth.
Here, still as one may pale and waning be,
There, full and glorious, springs another birth.
A ceaseless coming and a ceaseless going,
And not an hour inert and fixed doth wait:
We see them strewn on earth, or newly blowing,
And every bloom a people and a state.

Even we behold, who go on feet scarce aging,
Some dying down, and others rifled sore.
Before our eyes, the Steppe's vulture, raging,
The Polish rose with greedy talons tore.
Stern on her way, the leaves of Spain among,
Goes History, roaring—say, is *she* to sink?
Must yonder other, weak and cankered long,
Bestrew the Bosphorus, crashing on its brink?

But near this fading one, which from the bough
The Spirit of Time, with giant force, is shaking,
See, joyous, eye-bright, full of sap and glow,
To light and life new impulses are breaking!
How rich the shooting growth on every hand!
What stir in branches, old and new, is rife!
How many a bud even we have seen expand,
How many burst aloud, in pride of life!

And now, thank God! within the German bud
Stirs something too, that seems about to burst,
Fresh, as our Herman by the Weser flood,
Fresh, as from Wartburg Luther saw it erst!
An impulse old! but ever newly swelling,
But still athirst the sunny beams to taste;
But evermore of spring and freedom telling—
Oh! will the bud become a flower at last?

Yea! full of bloom! So ye will cease to hinder
What must have room to burgeon free and glad;
Nor deem what nature brings, than nature blinder,
Mere noxious growth, and suckers wild and bad;
So ye will look that no rank mildew sears
The noblest leaves, forbids the germ to grow;
So ye will cast away the list and shears—
If so—ay, thus alone, methinks—if so!

Thou, who the folded bloom expanding loosest,
Oh breath of Spring! for us breathe hither, too!
Thou, who all nations' sacred germ unclosest,
Oh Freedom's breath, on ours benignly blow!
Oh, from her deepest, stillest sanctuary,
Kiss her awake, to scent, to shine, and bloom!
Lord God Almighty! what a flower of glory,
This Germany, for all, may yet become!

Flowers crowd on flowers the undying human tree;
By laws eterne they spring successive forth.
Here, still as one may pale and waning be,
Here, full and glorious, springs a newer birth.
A ceaseless coming, and a ceaseless going—
And not an instant still and dead may stand.
We see them strewn on earth, or newly blowing,
And all the Future hides the Almighty hand.

A SCENE IN ELYSIUM.

IT chanced the other day in Heaven: uprose the King, old Fritz,
And rubbed his hands, and snuffed the air, and smote his hilt by
fits;
Strode to and fro, and glowered round with fiery looks, and grim,
And straight drew up where Blucher stood, and Herr von Stein by
him.

To Ziethen too, and Winterfeldt, he beckoned to draw near,
They hastened up, and Gneisenau behind them did appear;
Schwerin, the Marshal, came; and Keith, and Scharnhorst heard
the call;
Till Prussia's heroes, old and new, were gathered, one and all.

Now when he saw them mustered so: "a thousand plagues" he
said,
"It turns me fairly crazy, zounds! that I should now be dead!
That, deuce of all! I cannot rise this instant in Berlin!
'Twere the very time for me again! What? Is it not, Schwerin?

“I’d grasp it to some purpose;—ha!—no more as Autocrat,
No, Sirs! not now—new times are come, that need a newer state.
Why, even the light I shed, was new, and made so quick a blaze,
It nearly passed my power to guide; as mighty as I was!

“No, Sirs! but what I did by words, I made in action seen.
And all that mighty period since, that dates from year thirteen,
Would serve but as a groundwork (true, a broad imposing base!),
Whereon to-day, with bold design, a modern state I’d raise.

“For Modern Time: that more demands than treachery and cheat;
For Modern Time, that more demands than lies and mere deceit;—
That asks, and more will have, at last, than phrase and sound can do,
That asks to breathe at last, and *will* breathe deep and freely too!

“Good Lord! this cheated Germany! And none to avenge its
wrong!
And none to help it to its right, by fraud withheld so long!
Each promise sworn to it, and broke, severely to exact—
Tread Karlsbad under foot, and spurn Vienna’s selfish pact!

“I’d do it! how their protocols and snares this hand should maul!
States of the realm—one German law—free Justice, seen of all!
And speech for all as free! By Heaven! thus would I clear the
ring—
Aye! thorough would I drive, by Jove, as sure as I’m the King!

“That were a bomb! What then! It might run cross a year or so;
But all would come to right at last: I'd end it well, I know.
And if the storm did gather round, and thunder, fire and blood,
Why I, a King, would Kings defy, for such a people's good !

“And when the storm was laid, how full of sun the land would be!
A free, united, happy land; a great strong Germany!
Thus, after storms, the rainbow hangs the shifting clouds beyond—
And Kings the people's compact sign—a real German bond!

“For a noble stream the people is! Who dares his life confide
To its strong wave, and scan its depths, and boldly trust its tide,
With joyous sound it bears aloft, and floats him bravely on;
And only sweeps, without remorse, the weak and coward down.

“And me 'twould bear,—me too 'twould speed—Ha! Blucher!
is't not so?
Another age the People's King—even more than mine should
know.
And when I died, I should be mourned, I should be blessed
aloud!”
“Aye, truly *you*, your Majesty!” the heroes said and bowed.

THE WHITE LADY.

ONCE more the Phantom Countess, attired in white, appears,
With mourning and with wailing, with tremors and with tears,
Once more appears a-gliding forth from pictures and from walls,
In Prussia's gorgeous palaces, and old baronial halls—
And the guards that pace the ramparts and the terrace-walks by
night
Are stricken with a speechlessness and swooning at the sight.

What bodes this resurrection upon our living stage?
Comes she perchance to warn and wake a ghostless, godless age?
Announces she the death of Kings and Kaysers as of yore—
A funeral and a crowning,—a pageant, and no more?
I know not—but men whisper through the land, from South to
North,
at a deeper grief, a wider woe, to-day has called her forth.

He nightly weeps—they say so!—o'er the beds of Young and
Old,
O'er the infant's crimson cradle.—o'er the couch of silk and gold.

For hours she stands, with claspéd hands, lamenting by the side
Of the sleeping Prince and Princess—of the Landgrave and his
bride;

And at whiles along the corridors is heard her thrilling cry—
“Awake, awake my kindred!—The Time of Times is nigh!

“Awake, awake my kindred! Oh, saw ye what I see,
Sleep never more would seal your eyes this side Eternity!
Through the hundred-vaulted cavern-crypts, where I and mine abide,
Boom the thunders of the rising storm, the surgings of the tide—
You note them not; you blindly face the hosts of Hate and Fate!
Alas! Your eyes will open soon—too soon, yet all too late!

“Oh God! oh God! the coming hour arouses e'en the Dead;
Yet the Living thus can slumber on, like things of stone or lead.
The dry bones rattle in their shrouds, but you, you make no sign!
I dare not hope to pierce your soul by those weak words of mine,
Else would I warn from night to morn, else cry, ‘oh Kings, be just!
Be just, if bold! Loose where you may! Bind only where you
must!’

“I sinful one, in Orlamund I slew my children fair:
Thence evermore, till time be o'er, my dole and my despair.
Of that one crime in olden time was born my endless woe:
For that one crime I wander now in darkness to and fro.
Think *ye* of me, and what I dree, you whom no law controls,
Who slay your people's holiest hopes, their liberties, their souls?

“Enough! I must not say *Goodnight*, or bid the doomed Fare-well!

Down to my own dark home I go—My Hades’ dungeon cell.
Above my head lie brightly spread the flowers that Summer gives,
Free waters flow, fresh breezes blow, all nature laughs and lives;
But where *you* tread the flowers drop dead, the grass grows pale
and sere,
And round *you* floats in clotted waves Hell’s lurid atmosphere!”

She lifts on high her pallid arms—she rises from the floor,
Turns round and round without a sound, then passes through the
door.

But through the open trellises the warder often sees
Her moonpale drapery floating down the long dim galleries;
And the guards that pace the ramparts and the terrace-walks by
night,
Are stricken with a speechlessness and swooning at the sight.

WHEN?

SOME headsman, lately, says the paper,
In honest rage have thrown
Away the sword, and fatal wrapper,
And said—"Enough! 'tis done!
A voice within our soul cries Harrow!
We hear it and give o'er.
Behead your thieves yourselves to-morrow;
We'll head and hang no more!"

Oh, when shall fate so bless the German,
That ye who fill a worse
Than hangman's charge, shall so determine,
And spurn what freemen curse?
And from you hurl the butchering cleaver,
And cry "we loathe the stain:
Unlimb us if you will; but—never
That shame, at least, again!"

No! let him be by Germans rated
From hence, but knave and coward,
Whose frigid stabs have mutilated
The unprotected word;
Who dares to touch the chosen genius
Of all that's born most free;
Who to the soul, that God within us,
The hangman's groom will be?

If mind be such a dangerous matter,
So be it! mind attack!
Against it, with your ordnance batter,
With squadrons, charge and hack!
But we, our scizzors fling devoted
To Rhine's indignant sweep:
No German now, with fame unspotted,
The Censor's name will keep!

MARTIAL MUSIC.

A FRESH North-East sweeps o'er the Rhine,
Snowflakes drive wildly 'cross the river,
The tiles fall rattling from the roof
And all the windows shake and quiver.
Now is the time, love, sit thee down—
I'll listen, here beside thee kneeling,
And smiling do thou play to me
Grand chords, with lofty courage pealing!

Oh, let thy music storm my soul,
And fill my breast with joyous mettle,
Fixing the plumes upon my cap,
And urging onward me to battle;
Oh, let it thrust into my hand
A flashing blade,—and loud my singing
“Deutschland and Freedom evermore”
Is heard above all music ringing!

Music, oh music! Still play on
Thy German Masters' strains wild-thrilling!
He too, who wages war with words,
To be inspired by sound is willing;
Oh, do not stop!—One strain—one more,
Of Beethoven, the grand, divine!—
I cannot send forth banner-hymns,
But wrathful angry verse is mine!

True martial music this I call,
When Poets go forth to the strife,
—Some stirring music nobly played
At home by one's beloved wife!—
It fills the house with glorious sound,
And doubly joyous thrills his singing:
“Deutschland and Freedom evermore!”
Above yon floods of music ringing.

FROM THE HARZ.

(A true Story.)

OH, grey and silent dawning!
The leaves are gently stirred;
Out to the forest border
The stag has led his herd.
Amid the corn he standeth
Stamping, with eye of fire;
I' the thicket close are lying
The peasants, son and sire.

The rusty gun uplifting,
The old man doth exclaim—
“A stag of fourteen branches!
The deuce, boy, take good aim!”
He aims! the shot resoundeth!
Ay, that I wood-craft call!
The stag of fourteen branches—
To earth they see him fall!

The frightened hinds all scatter—
The old man shouts—“Well done!”—
Darts forth, and his knee planteth
Upon the deer thus won.
“Boy! but thy aim is famous!
Ay, true unto a hair!
God’s blessing on our cornfield,
He’ll feed no longer there!

“For him, no grain is needful;
He’ll bend its stalk no more.
But Fritz! Why stand’st thou gaping?
The cord—quick! hand it o’er!
There! foot to foot we’ve bound him,
Feel—he’s already cold!”
Then, with his hounds and people,
Forth strode the keeper bold.

Help God! He knows the bye-paths!
Up start both sire and son—
Rush forth, and leave behind them
The double-barrelled gun.
The keeper does not loiter—
He shouts—“Ye scoundrel crew!
To me the gun what boots it,
Without the shooters too?”

In vain! then quick to shoulder
 He lifts his piece in sight—
Aims—coolly, long, and surely—
 What, men?—And men in flight?—
No matter!—Straight he fireth—
 Hilloh!—that call I luck!
He sees the old man falling—
 His neck the bullet struck!

There, prone in his own barley
 The stalwart peasant lies;
As if his heart were bursting
 He groans, and groaning dies.
His blood spouts through his waistcoat,
 Runs in the ploughshare's mark;
Soaks through the clods all warmly—
 What thinks the brooding lark?

Upon her nest she sitteth—
 She starts— to heaven she springs!
For blood her nest wells into—
 Blood, blood is on her wings!
To God she bids it lighten
 Amid the sun's first beams,
Sprinkling the ears of barley
 With gore, that back she streams.

That is a rain most potent,
That is no sprinkling mean,
That is a lark's soft blessing,
To make the corn-crop green.
On the young man it drops too,
Who onward madly fares,
And in his arms, lamenting,
His murdered father bears.

—Away, boy!—Why embrace thus
This corpse so stiff and cold—
Away! and cease your whining—
Feel! he's already cold!
Back from those lips so livid
Take thine, yet warm with breath:
See! how the hounds are crouching—
Great God! 'tis at the death!

Straight on one dray are resting
The stag and man also,
And to the venison-larder
They through the pine-wood go.
They go all fast and furious—
The keeper whistles light—
He laughs—why not?—he only
Exerts the keeper's right.

So gives it him no sorrow
The youth's wild grief to hear;
The clown will be forgotten,
And eaten be the deer.
Himself? He wins the medal—
That lacked he yet alone—
And Fritz, the scamp, is promptly
Into the dungeon thrown.

There stares he through the grating,
And sees an organ-boy,
Who sings unto the people
Without—this song of joy:
“Success to all who living
The garb of green do grace—
To the field and to the forest,
The Hunter and the chase!”

THE GERMAN WEAVER BOY.

“GREEN grow the budding blackberry hedges;
 What joy! a violet meets my quest;
The blackbird seeks the last year's sedges,
 The merry chaffinch builds her nest.
The snow has from each vale receded,
 It only clothes the mountain's brow.
I from my home have stolen unheeded,
 This is the place; I'll venture now:

Rübezahl!

“Hears he my call? I'll boldly face him;
 He is not bad. Upon this stone
My pack of linen I will place him;
 It is a right good heavy one,
And fine: yes, I'll uphold it ever,
 I' the dale no better's wove at all.
He shows himself to mortal never;
 So courage, heart! once more I'll call:

Rübezahl!

“No sound! Adown the wood I hasted,
That he might help us, hard bested.
My mother’s face, so wan and wasted;
Within the house no crumb of bread!
To market, cursing, went my father;
Might he but there a buyer meet!
With Rübezahl I’ll venture rather;
Him for the third time I entreat:

Rübezahl!

“For he so kindly helped a many,
My grandmother oft to me has told;
Yes, gave to folks a good luck-penny,
Whose woe was undeserved, of old.
So here I am: my heart beats lightly,
My goods are justly measured all,
I will not beg, will tell uprightly.
Oh, that he *would* come! Rübezahl!

Rübezahl!

“Suppose these goods should suit his taste,
And he should order more to come;
We could his wish fulfil with haste,
We’ve plenty more as fine at home.
Suppose he took them, every piece;
Ah, would his choice on them might fall!
What’s pawned I would myself release:
That would be glorious! Rübezahl!

Rübezahl!

“I’d enter then our small room gaily,
And cry, ‘Here, father, ’s gold in store!’
He would not curse; that he wove daily
A hunger-web, would say no more.
Then, then again would smile my mother,
And serve a plenteous meal to all;
Then would rejoice each little brother—
Oh, that he *would* come! Rübezahl!
Rübezahl!”

Thus spoke the little weaver lonely,
Thus stood and cried he, weak and pale.
In vain; the casual raven only
Flew o’er the old gnome-haunted dale.
Thus stood he while the hours passed slowly,
Till the night shadows dimmed the glen,
And with white quivering lips said lowly,
Amid his tears, yet once again:
“Rübezahl!”

Then, softly from the greenwood turning,
He shivered, sighed, took up his pack,
And to the unassuaged mourning
Of his poor home went slowly back.
Oft paused he by the way, heart-aching,
Feeble, and by his burden bowed.
Methinks the famished father’s making
For that poor youth, even now, a shroud.
—Rübezahl?!

HAMLET.

DEUTSCHLAND is Hamlet! Solemn, slow,
Within its gates walks every night,
Pale, buried Freedom to and fro,
And fills the watchers with affright.
There stands the lofty shape, white-clad,
And bids the shrinker in his fear—
“Be mine avenger, draw thy blade,—
They've pouréd poison in mine ear!”

With quaking bones still list'neth he,
Till the dread truth stands wholly kenned,
And vows he will the avenger be—
But will he dare it in the end?
He thinks—and dreams on dreams succeed—
No means to steel his breast can start—
Still for the high and daring deed
There fails the high and daring heart.

That comes of studying all too hard;
 He lay and read too much in bed;
His blood grew sluggish, scarcely stirred—
 His breathing short—he was o'erfed!
He span the learned yarn too well;
 His best of deeds was but his thinking;
Too long in Wittenberg did dwell
 In college hall, or hall of drinking.

Thus lost he all his resolution;
 Come time, come means,—he feigned him mad—
Soliloquized, for execution,
 And eased his wrath in verses sad.
He took to pantomime, and—whew!
 He gets the whim that he must fight one;
And then Polonius-Kotzebue
 Is stabbed instead—of just the right one!

Thus bears he dreamily his woe—
 With secret scorn himself doth rack;
Across the sea sets out to go,
 And comes with biting speeches back;
Fires off whole arsenals of scorn—
 Talks of a shred and patchwork king;
But for a deed—Good Heavens, forlorn!
 There's not the trace of such a thing!

Till finally he takes his stand,
 Resolved his oath to vindicate,
But, ah! that's in the last act, and
 But drags down on him his own fate!
By those his hate effectual was
 With shame and death to overwhelm,
He lies unsouled—and Fortinbras
 Comes sounding in to seize the realm.

Thanks God! so far we are not come!
 We've seen played out four acts alone—
Hero! take heed that Hamlet's doom
 In the fifth act be not thine own!
We're hoping early, hoping late,
 Oh, rouse thee! to the fight advanced—
Avenger the imploring spectre's fate—
 Assert his cause, while yet thou canst!

Oh, seize the moment that conferred is—
 Forth, sword! and to the conflict bound,
Ere with French rapier, a Laertes
 Deal thee a false and poisoned wound!
Ere rushing comes a Northern route,
 To seize thine heritage and home,
Oh, take thou heed—for much I doubt
 If this time it from *Norway* come.

But one resolve!—the way stands clear—
 Think on the oath that thou hast sworn,
Rush to the lists, and, void of fear
 Avenge thy father's ghost forlorn!
Why all this pondering? Let it be—
 Yet—can I chide, myself a dreamer?
Myself, in troth, a part of thee—
 Thou ever-wavering, lingering schemer?

THE TWO FLAGS.

(1844.)

A MOSEL dogger up the Rhine!
'Twas towed up stream; the horses panted,
And forward, fluttering in the shine,
The hoisted ensign boldly flaunted;
Long-streaming landwards overhead,
The finest colours, fresh and galliard,—
Blue as I live! then white, and red,
In upright stripes, too, down the halyard!

I stopped with wondering eyes thrown wide;
While from the craft, in saucy chorus,
The Frenchmen hailing, loudly cried:
“Ay! look! The tricolor flies o'er us!”
So! to myself I growled—keep still!
At home, it seems, you yet speak German;
Lorrainers, bound from Thionville,
For France need scarcely make much stir, men!

Therewith I let the pennon go;
And soon the hanging branches hid it.
Here, on the Rhine, no welcome, though,
As God's my witness now, I bid it!
And meant it ought, upon these banks,
Than peace, as borne on yonder gabbard,
I'd join its foemen in the ranks,
When German steel has left the scabbard.

Let home and country still be first!
But then!—no word of blind-eyed rancour!
The flag we prize; and that it burst
For freedom way in France, may thank her.
Even now, 'tis wet with July blood;—
Say, where was nobler shed, or bolder?
So, though we watch it close—'tis good
To have a gallant foe to shoulder.

And thus, while keeping France at bay,
With knitted brows, we still esteem her.—
At evening's close that very day
Down stream there rushed a Cologne steamer,
Which fluttering in the twilight bore
Displayed, the royal bird of Prussia,
And near it, sable spread on or,
The eagle double-necked of Russia.

That eagle black, which lately tore
The white one's heart with talons savage:
The same that now screams hovering o'er
Free mountain-holds, in lust to ravage:
The same that from its frozen nest
Gloats ever round with eye unsated,
And, symbol fit for tyrant's crest,
Of all that's free is feared and hated!

The same that basely broods, e'en now,
As catch-pole, on our country's borders,
To whom, though less than friend—a foe,
At heart,—we kneel, and sue for orders!
Whose cunning seeks, as friend or guest,
Our eagles in his snares to bury;
And found in every German nest
A mission from the Calmuck eyrie.

The same! For this, his bark to-day
Upon our vine-clad Rhine he launches!
And wings for Holland, on his way
From some of his Germanic branches.
For this, loud flapping—silly fowl!
Our eagle speeds to meet him, whirring!
And both fly downwards, cheek by jowl—
As if they both one aim were nearing!

I scowled indignant o'er the strand!
Thou, Germany! the Steppe's vassal?
Thou with Siberia hand in hand?
Thou bear a Calmuck's train and tassel?
Thou to the Pole-assassin Czar
Kneel down, in fervour of subjection;
On Rhine his son and eagle dare
Salute with volleys of affection?

Ay! how they coo and smirk and grin!
Ay! what a cloud of wafted kisses!
Good journey t'ye! Whate'er you win,
We're sure to pay—What slavery this is!
Go! But the Rhine this greeting sends—
Though kings may play at love and favour,
The people never will be friends,
The people will be foes for ever!

Thou patient stream, that bear'st the brag
Of every ensign, French and Russian!
Oh! had'st thou but a German flag
In every port from lake to ocean!
One German nation's—prompt to check
The Gallic cock's too saucy crowing,
And prouder from its haughty neck
The Russian eagle's favour throwing!

REQUIESCAT.

WHOE'ER the ponderous hammer wields;
Whoe'er compels the earth to flourish;
Or reaps the golden harvest fields,
A wife and little ones to nourish;
Whoever guides the laden bark;
Or, where the mazy wheels are turning,
Toils at the loom till after dark,
Food for his white-haired children earning;

To him be honour and renown!
Honour to handicraft and tillage;
To every sweat-drop falling down
In crowded mills or lonesome village!
All honour to the plodding swain
Who holds the plough! Be't too awarded
To him who toils with soul and brain,
And starves! Pass him not unregarded!

Whether, in chambers close and small,
'Mid musty tomes he fancy smothers;
Or, of the trade the bondaged thrall,
He dramas writes and songs for others;
Or whether he, for wretched pay,
Translate the trash which he despises;
Or, learning's serf, puts, day by day,
Dunce-corps through classic exercises:—

He, also, is a prey to care;
To him 'tis said: "starve thou, or borrow!"
Gray grows betimes his raven hair,
And to the grave pursues him sorrow.
With hard compulsion and with need,
He, like the rest, must strive untiring;
And his young children's cry for bread
Maims his free spirit's glad aspiring.

Ah! such a one to me was known.
With heavenward aim his course ascended;
Yet, deep in dust and darkness prone,
Care, sordid care, his life attended.
An exile, and with bleeding breast,
He groaned in his severest trial;
Want goaded him to long unrest,
And scourged to bitterest self-denial.

Thus, heart-sick, wrote he line on line,
With hollow cheek and eye of sadness;
Whilst hyacinth and leafy vine
Were fluttering in the morning's gladness.
The throstle sang, and nightingale,
The soaring lark hymned joy unending,
Whilst thought's day-labourer, worn and pale,
Over his weary book was bending.

Yet, though his heart sent forth a cry,
Still strove he for the great ideal;
"For this," said he, "is poesy,
And human life this fierce ordeal."
And when his courage left him quite,
One thought kept hope his heart alive in;
"I have preserved my honour bright,
And for my dear ones I am striving."

At length his spirit was subdued;
The power to combat and endeavour
Was gone, and his heroic mood
Came only fitfully, like fever.
The Muses' kiss, sometimes, at night
Would set his pulses wildly beating;
And his high soul soared to the light,
When night from morning was retreating.

He long has lain the turf beneath,
The wild winds through the grass are sighing;
No stone is there, no mourning wreath,
To mark the spot where he is lying.
Their faces swoln with weeping, forth
His wife and children went—God save them !
Young paupers, heirs to nought on earth,
Save the pure name their father gave them.

To toil all honour and renown!
Honour to handicraft and tillage;
To every sweat-drop falling down
In crowded mills and lonely village!
All honour to the plodding swain
Who holds the plough! Be it too awarded
To him who toils with soul and brain,
And starves! Pass him not unregarded!

IRELAND.

(1847.)

THE boat swings to a rusty chain;
The sail, the oar, of use no longer;
The fisher's boy died yester-e'en,
And now the father faints with hunger.
Pale Ireland's fish is landlord's fish,
It gives him costly food and raiment;
A tattered garb, an empty dish,
These are the mournful fisher's payment.

A pastoral sound is on the wind,
With kine the roads are thronged;—oh pity,
A ragged peasant crawls behind,
And drives them to a sea-port city.
—Pale Ireland's herds the landlord claims—
That food which Paddy's soul desireth—
That which would nerve his children's frames,
The landlord's export trade requireth.

To him the cattle are a fount
Of joy and luxury never scanty;
And each horned head augments the amount
Which swells for him the horn of plenty.
In Paris and in London town
His gold makes gaming-tables glitter,
The while his Irish poor lie down
And die, like flies in winter bitter.

Halloo! halloo! the chase is up!
Paddy rush in—be not a dreamer!
—In vain, for thee there is no hope,
The game goes with the earliest steamer!
For Ireland's game is landlord's game,
—The landlord is a large encroacher!—
God speed the peasant's righteous claim;
He is too feeble for a poacher!

The landlord cares for ox and hound,
Their worth a peasant's worth surpasses!
—Instead of draining marsh ground,
Old Ireland's wild and drear morasses—
He leaves the land a boggy fen,
With sedge and useless moss grown over;
He leaves it to the water-hen,
The rabbit, and the screaming plover.

Yes, 'neath the curse of Heaven ! Of waste
And wilderness four million acres !
—To you corrupt, outworn, debased,
No wakening peals prove slumber-breakers !—
Oh, Irish land is landlord's land !
And therefore by the wayside dreary
The famished mothers weeping stand,
And beg for means their dead to bury.

A wailing cry sweeps like a blast
The length and breadth of Ireland thorough ;
The west-wind which my casement passed
Brought to mine ear that wail of sorrow,
Faint as a dying man's last sigh,
Came o'er the waves, my heart-strings searing,
The cry of woe, the hunger cry,
The death-cry of poor, weeping Erin.

Erin ! she kneels in stricken grief,
Pale, agonized, with wild hair flying,
And strews the shamrock's withered leaf
Upon her children, dead and dying.
She kneels beside the sea, the streams,
And by her ancient hills' foundations—
Her, more than Byron's Rome, beseems
The title, "Niobe of Nations."

FEBRUARY STANZAS.

(1848.)

AMONG the Alps the first shot rang—
'Gainst priests was vengeance seething!
They fell—no bosom felt a pang,
The mighty avalanche onward sprang—
Three realms their swords unsheathing!
Green laurels wreath the Schweitzer's brow,
The ancient granite mountains now
For joy shake to their centre!

Through Italy the storm careered—
Howl Scyllas and Charybdis';
Vesuvius called, old Etna cheered,
On every side bold fronts appeared!
—Most ominous ye princes!—
To gay Vienna shouts Berlin,
Vienna echoes back the din,
Even Nicholas is affrighted!

And now again, as heretofore
That pavement is upriven,
Where freedom's arm a falchion bore,
And from the royal palace-door
Two kings ere now hath driven;
—The blood of one atoned his wrong—
And where, oh July-King, too long
Thou hast thy people plundered.

The line advances; shot on shot,
And ever true and steady!
Yet are the mass like iron hot,
And cart and omnibus, God wot,
For barricades are ready!
For proud self-sacrifice they stand,
Each singing, with a stone in hand,
“*Mourir pour la Patrie.*”

Balls whistle; stones fly left and right;
Stout arms are standards bearing!
One general sees no more the light—
Ça ira, the blouses win the fight,
Oh Antoine's faubourg daring!
Mass throngs on mass; no foot gives way—
Already Guizot yields the day,
His white lips mute with terror.

Vive la Réforme! Le système à bas!

Oh fearless generation!
The harvest calls the reaper! ah!
And half the line is, *Ça ira!*
With Amiens for the nation!
No troops shall here be brought; they laugh;
They break the wheel, the telegraph;
They shatter bridge and railway!

What cometh next?—Yet yause we here,
Not freedom's march is over!
And freedom here, and freedom there,
And freedom, freedom everywhere,
The wide wide world shall cover!
Among the Alps the first shot rang,
And when the answering echoes sang,
The avalanche was in motion!

It moves, it bounds—oh Lombardy!
Ere long thou wilt have felt it!
Hungary and Poland must be free;
The cry resounds through Germany,
No interdict can melt it!
Alone in freedom's bright career,
As in the spring, can disappear
The avalanche of our anger!

Yes, by that anger stand we here,
Unmoved until that spring we see!
Within my eye doth start the tear,
And in my heart is sung, "Mourir,
Mourir pour la Patrie!"
Hurrah! for glorious forty-eight,
This second month hath annals great:—
Allons enfants—Mourir, mourir,
Mourir pour la Patrie!

THE DEAD TO THE LIVING.

(July 1848.)

THE bullet in the marble breast, the gash upon the brow,
You raised us on the bloody planks with wild and wrathful vow!
High in the air you lifted us, that every writhe of pain
Might be an endless curse to *him*, at whose word we were slain!—
That he might see us in the gloom, or in the daylight's shine,
Whether he turns his Bible's leaf, or quaffs his foaming wine!—
That the dread memory on his soul should evermore be burned,
A wasting and destroying flame within its gloom inured—
That every mouth with pain convulsed, and every gory wound,
Be round him in the terror-hour, when his last bell shall sound—
That every sob above us heard smite shuddering on his ear—
That each pale hand be clenched to strike, despite his dying fear,
Whether his sinking head still wear its mockery of a crown,
Or he should lay it, bound, dethroned, on bloody scaffold down!

Thus, with the bullet in the breast, the gash upon the brow,
You laid us at the altar's foot, with deep and solemn vow;
“Come down!” ye cried—he trembling came—even to our bloody
bed:
“Uncover!” and ‘twas tamely done!—(like a mean puppet led,

Sank he whose life had been a farce, with fear unwonted shaken!)
Meanwhile his army fled the field, which dying we had taken!
Loudly in "*Jesus, thou my trust!*" the anthem'd voices peal:
Why did the victor-crowds forget the sterner trust of steel?

That morning followed on the night when we together fell,
And when ye made our burial, there was triumph in the knell!
Though crushed behind the barricades, and scarred in every limb,
The pride of conscious Victory lay on our foreheads grim!
We thought: the price is dearly paid, but the treasures *must* be
true,
And rested calmly in the graves we swore to fill for you!

Alas! for you—we were deceived! Four moons have scarcely run,
Since cowardly you've forfeited what we so bravely won!
Squandered and cast to every wind the gain our death had brought!
Aye! all we know! each word and deed our spirit-ears have caught!
Like waves came thundering every sound of wrong the country
through:—

The foolish war with Denmark! Poland betrayed anew!
The vengeance of Vendean men in many a province stern!
The calling back of banished troops! the Prince's base return!
Wherever barricades were built, the lock on press and tongue!
On the free right of all debate, the daily-practised wrong!
The groaning clang of prison-doors in North and South afar!
For all who plead the People's right, Oppression's ancient bar!
The bond with Russia's Cossacks! the slander fierce and loud,
Alas! that has become your share, instead of laurels proud—

Ye who have borne the hardest brunt, that Freedom might advance,
Victoriotis in defeat and death—June-warriors of France!
Yes, wrong and treason everywhere, the Elbe and Rhine beside,
And beat, oh German men! your hearts with calm and sluggish
tide?

No war within your apron's folds?! Out with it, fierce and bold!
The second, final war with all who Freedom would withhold!
Shout: “the Republic!” till it drowns the chiming minster bells,
Whose sound this swindle of your rights by crafty Austria tells!

In vain! 'tis time your faltering hands should disentomb us yet,
And lift us on the planks, begirt with many a bayonet;
Not to the palace-court, as then, that *he* may near us stand—
No; to the tent, the market-place, and through the wakening land!
Out through the broad land bear us—the dead Insurgents sent,
To join, upon our ghastly biers, the German Parliament.
Oh solemn sight! there we should lie, the grave-earth on each
brow,
And faces sunken in decay—the proper Regents now!
There we should lie, and say to you: “Ere we could waste away,
Your Freedom-gift, ye archons brave, is rotting in decay!
The Corn is housed which burst the sod, when the March stin on
us shone,
But before all other harvests was Freedom's March-seed mown!
Chance poppies, which the sickle spared, among the stubbles
stand;
Oh, would that Wrath, the crimson Wrath, thus blossomed in the
land!”

And yet, it *does* remain: it springs behind the reaper's track;
Too much had been already gained, too much been stolen back;
Too much of scorn, too much of shame, heaped daily on your
head—

Wrath and Revenge *must* still be left: believe it, from the Dead!
It *does* remain, and it awakes—it shall and must awake!
The Revolution, half complete, yet wholly forth will break.
It waits the hour to rise in power, like an up-rolling storm,
With lifted arms and streaming hair—a wild and mighty form!
It grasps the rusted gun once more, and swings the battered blade,
While the red banners flap the air from every barricade!
Those banners lead the German Guards—the armies of the Free—
Till Princes fly their blazing thrones and hasten towards the sea!
The boding eagles leave the land—the lions' claws are shorn—
The sovereign People, roused and bold, await the Future's morn!

Now, till the wakening hour shall strike, we keep our scorn and
wrath

For you, ye Living! who have dared to falter on your path!
Up, and prepare—*keep watch in arms!* Oh, make the German
sod,

Above our stiffened forms, all free, and blest by Freedom's God;
That this one bitter thought no more disturb us in our graves:
“They once were free—they fell—and now, forever they are Slaves!”

HUNGARY.

(New-year's Eve 1848.)

ACROSS the heath is streaming
The bivouack's nightly fire;
The crooked scythe is gleaming
In the hands of the Magyar;
Herd and homestead leaving,
To the saddlebow he's cleaving,
Or bends o'er the fascine;
And, 'neath his iron riding,
Thy stormy song is chiding,
Danube! Thou Heather-queen!

She shouts within her borders,
She swells with rage and pride:
"God speed! Ye brown marauders,
Hot Hungary's human tide!
Ye hunters and ye herders,
Ye dauntless cymbal-girders!

Wild fifers ye! Who dare,
The last for right uniting,
Tho' tattered with long fighting,
The flag of freedom bear!

“Betrayed in every quarter,
Betrayed and then maligned,
Ye saved above the slaughter
The standard of mankind;
High o'er your chargers bounding,
Blood-ice its folds surrounding,
Ye shake the flag of fate.
Thus—thus ye spread it o'er me,
Thus—thus with victory's glory
The year inaugurate.

“Look here, each western nation!
One people still can feel
Rebellion's bold salvation
In its gauntlet-grasp of steel!
In dim far eastern regions—
Outpost of freedom's legions—
The tides of battle swell,
Whose waves, their reflux taking,
And *every* fetter breaking,
Shall make *you* free as well!

“Hear ye the bugle’s clangor?
Hear ye the courser’s neigh?
See ye the red waves’ anger?
’Tis Raab’s great battle-day!
Charge! Charge! my riders fearless!
Charge! Charge! Kossuth my peerless!”
So sounds the Danube’s song;
So rolls she, hoarsely chiding,
Through her deep-set channels gliding,
To dull Stamboul along.

FAREWELL OF THE NEW RHENISH GAZETTE.

(May 1849.)

No open blow in an open fight—
But with quips and with quirks they arraign me,
By creeping treachery's secret blight
The western Calmucks have slain me.
The fatal shaft in the dark did fly;
I was struck by an ambushed knave;
And here in the pride of my strength I lie,
Like the corse of a rebel brave!

With a deathless scorn in my dying breath;
In my hand the sword still cherished;
“Rebellion!” still for my shout of death,
In my manhood untainted I perished.
Oh! gladly, full gladly the Pruss and the Czar,
The grass from my grave would clear;
But Germany sends me, with Hungary far,
Three salvoes to honour my bier.

And the tattered poor man takes his stand,
On my head the cold sods heaving;
He casts them down with a diligent hand,
Where the glory of toil is cleaving.
And a garland of flowers and May he brought
On my burning wounds to cast;
His wife and his daughters the wreath had wrought,
When the work of the day was past.

Farewell! farewell! thou turbulent life!
Farewell to ye! armies engaging!
Farewell! cloud canopied fields of strife!
Where the greatness of war is raging!
Farewell! but not for ever farewell!
They can *not* kill the spirit, my brother!
In thunder I'll rise on the field where I fell,
More boldly to fight out another.

When the last of crowns like glass shall break,
On the scene our sorrows have haunted,
And the People the last dread "guilty" shall speak,
By your side ye shall find me undaunted.
On Rhine, or on Danube, in word and deed,
You shall witness, true to his vow,
On the wrecks of thrones, in the midst of the freed,
The rebel who greets you now!

REVOLUTION.

(1850.)

And tho' ye caught your noble prey within your hangman's sordid
thrall,
And tho' your captive was led forth beneath your city's rampart
wall;
And tho' the grass lies o'er her green, where at the morning's early
red
The peasant girl brings funeral wreaths—I tell you still, she is not
dead!

And tho' from off the lofty brow ye cut the ringlets flowing long,
And tho' ye mated her amid the thieves and murderers' hideous
throng,
And tho' ye gave her felon fare—bade felon garb her livery be,
And tho' ye set the oakum-task—I tell you all, she still is free!

And tho' compelled to banishment, ye hunt her down thro' endless
lands;
And tho' she seeks a foreign hearth, and silent 'mid its ashes
stands;

And tho' she bathes her wounded feet, where foreign streams seek
foreign seas,
Yet—yet—she never more will hang her harp on Babel's willow
trees!

Ah no! she strikes its every string, and bids their loud defiance
swell,
And as she mocked your scaffold erst, she mocks your banishment
as well.
She sings a song that starts you up astounded from your slumbrous
seats,
Until your heart—your craven heart—your traitor heart—with
terror beats!

No song of plaint, no song of sighs for those who perished unsub-
dued,
Nor yet a song of irony at wrong's fantastic interlude—
The beggar's opera that ye try to drag out thro' its lingering scenes,
Tho' moth-eaten the purple be that decks your tinsel kings and
queens.

Oh, no! the song those waters hear is not of sorrow, nor dismay—
'Tis triumph-song—victorious song—the pæan of the future's
day—
The future—distant now no more—her prophet voice is sounding
free,
As well as once your Godhead spake:—*I was, I am, and I will be!*

Will be—and lead the nations on the last of all your hosts to meet,
And on your necks, your heads, your crowns, I'll plant my strong,
resistless feet!

Avenger, Liberator, Judge,—red battles on my pathway hurled,
I stretch forth my almighty arm, till it revivifies the world.

Ye see me only in your cells; ye see me only in the grave;
Ye see me only wandering lone, beside the exile's sullen wave:—
Ye fools! Do I not also live where you have tried to pierce in
vain?
Rests not a nook for me to dwell in every heart and every brain?—

In every brow that boldly thinks, erect with manhood's honest
pride—
Does not each bosom shelter me that beats with honour's generous
tide?
Not every workshop, brooding woe? not every hut that harbours
grief?
Ha! Am I not the Breath of Life, that pants and struggles for
relief?

'Tis *therefore* I will be—and lead the peoples yet your hosts to
meet,
And on your necks—your heads—your crowns—will plant my
strong, resistless feet!
It is no boast—it is no threat—thus History's iron law decrees—
The day grows hot—oh Babylon! 'Tis cool beneath thy willow trees!

ON THE DEATH OF JOHANNA KINKEL.

(November 1858.)

IN silence on a winter's day,
We exiles stood around,
A German woman's head to lay
In England's alien ground.
Hoarfrost was on the hedges; still
The sun was shining there;
Blue rose the distant Surrey hill
Against the far blue air.

On boughs of juniper and broom
Swang chirping many a bird,
While many a brow was dark with gloom,
And stifled sobs were heard.
One friendly hand, in trembling dread,
A last sad homage paid,—
Upon the bier a ribbon red,
And wreath of laurel laid.

In earnest life, in cheerful song,
She noblest teaching gave,
To the bewildered orphan throng,
Now by the open grave.
Calm were the words the father spoke,
As near his children pressed,
Yet, as if life-blood welled and broke
From out his wounded breast.

Rest then beneath these tranquil skies,
And we will never weep,
That here no Drachenfels doth rise,
Nor Oelberg's craggy steep!
That on thy grave no dew-drops gleam,
Nor twilight rays can shine
Where through the plain thy native stream
Rolls on to meet the Rhine.

Like soldiers in a fight we stand
To lay a comrade low,
As if upon this foreign land
Shot by some cruel foe.
Our exile is a battle-field,
And thou the first to fall;
We have our cause, we cannot yield,
One hope, one aim, for all!

In England where the wild flowers bloom,
Thy honoured place shall be;
No land can claim to hold thy tomb
With dearer right than she!
Rest here then; rest where thou hast died;
Where thou hast striven,—rest;—
In British ground, our greatest pride
Shall love to know thee best.

These leaves are stirred by the same air,
It blows these grasses through,
The same that played with Milton's hair,
Poet and Rebel too;
And Cromwell's banners have been stirred
On the same breeze to fly,
And this same quiet spot has heard
His horses tramping by.

And to the self-same shining skies
Whose light was dear to him,
The patriot Sidney raised his eyes
With grief and anguish dim.
And often on that hill we see,
Did tearful glances fall
From Russell's wife who was, like thee,
Her captive husband's all.

This land we know is still their own,
These first, these noble Four;
So when we leave thee here alone,
They shall watch by thy door!
And those who to thy Spirit gave
Aid, strength and aim so long,
They also shall wait near thy grave,
—Freedom, and Love, and Song!

Farewell! Since round thy grave should ring
Music's melodious sound,
The earliest larks shall near it sing,
Scattering sweet notes around;
And the sea-breeze shall whisper near,
The breeze that loves the free,
And dry—when pilgrims mourn thee here—
The tears they shed for thee!

WESTPHALIAN SUMMER SONG.

(1866.)

IN lightning and in summer's rain,
In noon-sun hot and glowing,
Full gaily, oh Westphalia's grain,
Art shooting up and growing!
Old Hellweg's rye, so lithe and strong,
Seven feet and more thy stems are long,
How gloriously dost ripen!

"I grow and ripen fast and strong,
The year with gifts is mellow,
To satisfy both old and young
I ripen rich and yellow;
But dost thou not, oh wand'rer, know
That he who joyfully did sow,
Can never cut and reap me?

“Forth through my swaying ears he went,
In rank and order starting,
With clenched fist and tearful eye
From house and home departing;
Loud summoned by the drum and horn,
He goes to crush his brother’s corn
In brother-war unhallowed.

“Who then for this year’s harvest-home
Will fetch the girls to foot it?
Alas! Who’ll wave the harvest wreath,
Upon the barn who’ll put it?
The reaper’s name is Death, I wot,
He mows this year with grape and shot;
Well know I who has hired him.

“A little bird sings on the Haar:
‘Where Elbe and Maine are hieing,
There he, who was a plough-boy here,
All stiff and stark is lying;
His homestead’s pride, forth did he go,
A brother’s bullet laid him low!—
I rustle to the breezes.’”

FOR THE BLACK COUNTRY.

(Christmas 1866.)

SURROUNDING the fire,
We cheerily throng;
The Yule-log is blazing
The red coals among.

The chamber is decked
With the festal bough,
The fir sheds its fragrance,
The hollies glow.

The mistle-toe beckons
From rafter and beam;
White-berried, it glistens
With roguish gleam.

In tankard and cup
The ale foams high;
We pledge our dear ones,
And drain it dry.

And hand clasps hand,
All care laid aside,
We all are as brethren—
'Tis Christmas-tide!

Now pile up the fire,
More fuel on throw,
Let the dry logs crackle,
The coals deeply glow!

The coals! oh horror!
A shadow, see!
Strides, suddenly darkening
Our Christmas glee.

A giant shadow,
And black as the tomb:
The news of the fire
In the earth's dark womb.

The army of labour
That works the mine,
—That our hearths may be glowing,
Our revelry shine!—

That ever is toiling
In gloom and night,
In shaft and level
Has lost a fight.

Daily and hourly
The fight was the same,
With the powers primeval
Of Steam and Flame.

At morn they descended
In health, glowing red—
They have been vanquished,
They all lie dead.

Hundreds on hundreds—
Dead, dead, dead!
Throughout the Black Land
Goes the cry of dread!

And the widow weeps,
And the orphans cry,
And the mother wails
For her only boy.

And the bride is gazing
In speechless woe,
On him who once kissed her
'Neath the bright mistletoe.

For the Black Land, alas!
No Yule shall be lit;
Its Christmas fire
Is the blazing pit.

And woe! for the brave
Whose toil cheers our hearth!
How their death glooms over
Our Christmas mirth!

Mourns town and hamlet
Throughout the land;
We mourn, the Germans
On Britain's strand.

Then, stirring the coals,
Let each open his hand
For the widow and orphan
In the Desolate Land.

“BARFÜSSELE.”*

(Christmas 1869.)

WHAT comes there from the Heights, halloh?
The wheels are crunching through the snow !
The horse's rough-shod hoofs ring bold—
See there ! friend Berthold's waggon old !

He sits in doublet green on high,
Three-cornered hat all cocked awry ;
Thus proudly drives he on his way,
Vautier his coachman is to-day.

“Barfussele”, his favourite child,
Drives with him too through snow-storm wild ;
Glow cheeks and flies her braided hair,
How sweet a maiden and how fair !

* This poem was occasioned by the publication of B. Vautier's illustrated edition of Auerbach's charming story of “Barfussele.”

Nor shoe nor stocking once she had,
Now Vautier leads her proud and glad ;
She tended geese upon the green—
Faith ! Different looks she now, I ween !

Brave Johann, beaming at her side,
Upon fair Silvertrot doth ride ;
He smiles upon his maiden true ;
On her and on old Berthold too !

For he united them in joy,
He caused their sun to shine on high ;
He placed them full of life and mirth
'Mongst men and on this fair bright earth !

Then drive on happy through the land,
Full firm is Master Vautier's hand ;
He drives you well, he safe doth steer,
Nor have you with him ought to fear.

Sorrow he knows, and pleasure bright,
He knows to touch and to delight,
He knows what's tender, what is fair,
And shows it to you driving there.

Both woods and harvest, song and play,
With cross and stone the churchyard grey,
The garland which doth deck the bride,
The charcoal-kiln in smouldering pride.

In narrow frame what shows not he?
Oh, strange to see! Oh, sweet to see!
Humble and poor, and yet how great,
A woman's Life, a human Fate!

Then still drive on, Barfüssele, sweet!
With joy shall all thy waggon greet!
Plant thou thy Schwarzwald's fir-trees lithe
In many a Christmas revel blithe.

III.

(1870).

HURRAH, GERMANIA !*

(July 25, 1870.)

HURRAH! thou lady proud and fair,
 Hurrah! Germania mine!
What fire is in thine eye as there
 Thou bendest o'er the Rhine!
How in July's full blaze dost thou
 Flash forth thy sword, and go,
With heart elate and knitted brow,
 To strike the invader low!
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
 Hurrah! Germania!

* Like the rest of Freiligrath's war-lyrics of 1870, this popular song, too, has been translated into English more than once. The above translation is taken from the *Pall Mall Gazette* (August 20, 1870); others have appeared in the *Times* (August 20, 1870), the *Quarterly Review* (October, 1870), and elsewhere.

No thought hadst thou, so calm and light,
Of war or battle plain,
But on thy broad fields, waving bright,
Didst mow the golden grain,
With clashing sickles, wreaths of corn,
Thy sheaves didst garner in,
When, hark ! across the Rhine War's horn
Breaks through the merry din !
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
Hurrah ! Germania !

Down sickle then and wreath of wheat
Amidst the corn were cast,
And, starting fiercely to thy feet,
Thy heart beat loud and fast ;
Then with a shout I heard thee call,
“Well, since you will, you may !
Up, up, my children, one and all,
On to the Rhine ! Away !”
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
Hurrah ! Germania !

From port to port the summons flew,
Rang o'er our German wave,
The Oder on her harness drew,
The Elbe girt on her glaive ;

Neckar and Weser swell the tide,
Main flashes to the sun,
Old feuds, old hates are dash'd aside,
All German men are one !
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
Hurrah ! Germania !

Swabian and Prussian, hand in hand,
North, South, one host, one vow !
“What is the German’s Fatherland?”
Who asks that question now?
One soul, one arm, one close-knit frame,
One will are we to-day ;
Hurrah, Germania ! thou proud dame,
Oh, glorious time, hurrah !
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
Hurrah ! Germania !

Germania now, let come what may,
Will stand unshook through all ;
This is our country’s festal day ;
Now woe betide thee, Gaul !
Woe worth the hour a robber thrust
Thy sword into thy hand !
A curse upon him that we must
Unsheath our German brand !
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
Hurrah ! Germania !

For home and hearth, for wife and child,
For all loved things that we
Are bound to keep all undefiled
From foreign ruffianry !
For German right, for German speech,
For German household ways,
For German homesteads, all and each,
Strike home through battle's blaze !
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
Hurrah ! Germania !

Up, Germans, up, with God ! The die
Clicks loud,—we wait the throw !
Oh, who may think without a sigh,
What blood is doom'd to flow ?
Yet, look thou up, with fearless heart !
Thou must, thou shalt prevail !
Great, glorious, free as ne'er thou wert,
All hail, Germania, hail !
Hurrah ! Victoria !
Hurrah ! Germania !

“THUS SHALL IT COME TO PASS.”

(August 3, 1870.)

As the Wolf, the Assyrian, in thundering might,
Broke into the folds of Judæa by night ;
As the Persian, who fetters imposed on the main,
Poured his barbarous host over Hellas' fair plain ;

As the Hun, a swift arrow the Steppe shot away,
Swept westwards, on horseback, in countless array ;
As the Fleet with which Spain white-cliffed Albion defied,
Sailed forth, all “Invincible” deemed in its pride ;

As the Corsican Uncle led, rows upon rows,
His thousands of men into Russia's dread snows ;
As on corpses his tent's bloody flag he unfurled,
And praised himself rashly the Lord of the World : —

Thus the Corsican Nephew in wild frenzy dreams
To attack our own Rhine, the most German of Streams ;
The bayonets rattle, the cuirasses shine,
Fain his hordes would he pledge in the wine of the Rhine !

The Turco ! The Spahi ! Those stays of his throne !
Like himself, each hyena and jackal in one !
By command baying hoarsely,—oh, shameless appeal !—
Thy war-chaunt of freedom, oh, Rouget de Lisle !

The Odenwald hears it from Saar and Moselle,
And the Maid of the Pfalz stands aghast at the yell !
And the babe hides his face on his pale mother's breast,—
Oh fear not, ye dear ones, be still and at rest !

To guard you all Germany starts to the van,
Her Thousand times Thousand stand up as a man ;
A ponderous wedge ! They storm onwards ! They press,
The Tyrants to vanquish—the Nations to bless !

Thus, now, shall it happen ! One day, only one,
Broke down the Assyrian, the Persian, the Hun !
Like a shadow has vanished their splendour and fame,—
God breathed on th' Armada—and lo ! 'tis a name !

And He who had deemed himself Lord of the World,
By Fire and by Frost to his ruin was hurled !
Yet, Patience ! *one* day !—And a swift smiting flash
From his throne this Zouave in the Purple shall dash !

TO WOLFGANG IN THE FIELD.

(August 12, 1870.)

THAT soon this leaf may find thee,
I fondly wish, my son :—
So I trust it to the breezes,
They'll bring it thee anon !
Wherever thou may'st tarry,
They'll bear it thro' the host,
Where 'midst the raging battle
Thou speedest to thy post.

Thou, too, the sacred conflict
Wouldst share thy land to shield ;
Now standest thou in the war-cloud,
Yet dost no weapon wield,
Not thine to join the fighting,
However bold and brave, —
Thy gentler duty calls thee
To nurse, to tend, to save.

Thy warm heart drove thee hither
From England's distant strand ;
Upon thy arm the red cross,
Thou marchest with thy band.
Where on the bloody greensward,
Unbandaged, pale, they lie,
The wounded and the dying
Thou tendest lovingly ;

Dost hold the cooling beaker
To lips, all parched and hot ;
Lay'st softer in the heather
The breast, that's torn and shot ;
Hear'st many a prayer, a last one,
Rise to the midnight sky ;
The moon peers over the mountains—
And thou wilt see men die.

Be strong, my Wolf! no trembling!
Thy nerves for duty brace !
Ne'er Life and Death so grimly
Have looked thee in the face !
In times of peace and sunshine
Thy heart beat soft and leal,—
Now War's red-glowing furnace
Will temper it to steel.

Thus ever brave and steadfast
Life's lesson may'st thou learn !
Serving thy suffering fellows,
Thy spurs of knighthood earn ! —
War to the knife around thee :—
May'st thou be taught by War,
That healing wounds is better
Than dealing wounds by far !

Go ! Ply thy work of mercy
'Midst the dying and the dead !
High over blood and carnage
Let shine thy badge's red !
O'er friend and foe its lustre
Shed thou impartially !
Curse none—save him who forced us
To War's fell butchery !

Farewell, my boy ! God keep thee,
And guard thy footsteps still !
My blessing resteth on thee—
Thy work of love fulfil !
And, oh ! If thou returnest
With the victors, in the van,
Thou'l meet our fond embraces,
No more a boy—a *Man* !

THE TRUMPET OF GRAVELOTTE.*

(August 1870.)

DEATH and Destruction they belched forth in vain,
We grimly defied their thunder;
Two columns of foot and batteries twain,
We rode and cleft them asunder.

With brandished sabres, with reins all slack,
Raised standards, and low-couched lances,
Thus we Uhlans and Cuirassiers wildly drove back,
And hotly repelled their advances.

But the ride was a ride of death and of blood;
With our thrusts we forced them to sever,
But of two whole regiments, lusty and good,
Out of two men, one rose never.

* This ballad was suggested by a fact, communicated at the time by the newspapers.

With breast shot through, with brow gaping wide,
They lay pale and cold in the valley,
Snatched away in their youth, in their manhood's pride—
Now, Trumpeter, sound to the rally !

And he took the trumpet, whose angry thrill
Urged us on to the glorious battle,
And he blew a blast—but all silent and still
Was the trump, save a dull hoarse rattle ;

Save a voiceless wail, save a cry of woe,
That burst forth in fitful throbbing—
A bullet had pierced its metal through,
For the Dead the wounded was sobbing !

For the faithful, the brave, for our brethren all,
For the Watch on the Rhine, truehearted !
—Oh ! The sound cut into our inmost soul !—
It brokenly wailed the Departed !

And now fell the night, and we galloped past,
Watch-fires were flaring and flying,
Our chargers snorted, the rain poured fast — —
And we thought of the Dead and the Dying !

“FREIWILLIGE VOR!” *

(Christmas 1870.)

AT the forest's edge,
In the land of the foe,
The Wehrmann lies
'Neath the fir-tree, low.

From his breast-wound trickles
His blood like rain ;
When he left his home,
Waved the golden grain.

Now with frost and snow
Hard is the ground,
The fir-tree bristles
With icicles round.

* Written for the Cologne Christmas Bazaar in aid of the wives and
children of the Rhenish Reserve and Landwehr standing in the field.

And his blood, it dyes
All red the snow;
In mist and hoarfrost
Death kisses his brow.

A veil already
Doth shroud his eye;—
Once more he lifteth
His glance on high :

“Oh Fir, oh Fir,
On the forest-lea,
Art *thou*, this winter,
My Christmas-tree?

“Last year, I lighted
In mirth and glee,
For wife and children
The festal tree !

“Oh, ye dear ones all,
So far, so true!
Here I am—forsaken—
And so are you!

“Oh, my wife and children —
Who now——?” One groan!
He lies dead, a hero
Unnamed, unknown!

A man of the people,
From his homestead torn,
One out of Thousands—
Where is crape not worn?

A husband—a father—
Who will dry the tears?
Who will help, who will soothe?—
Are there no Volunteers?!

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